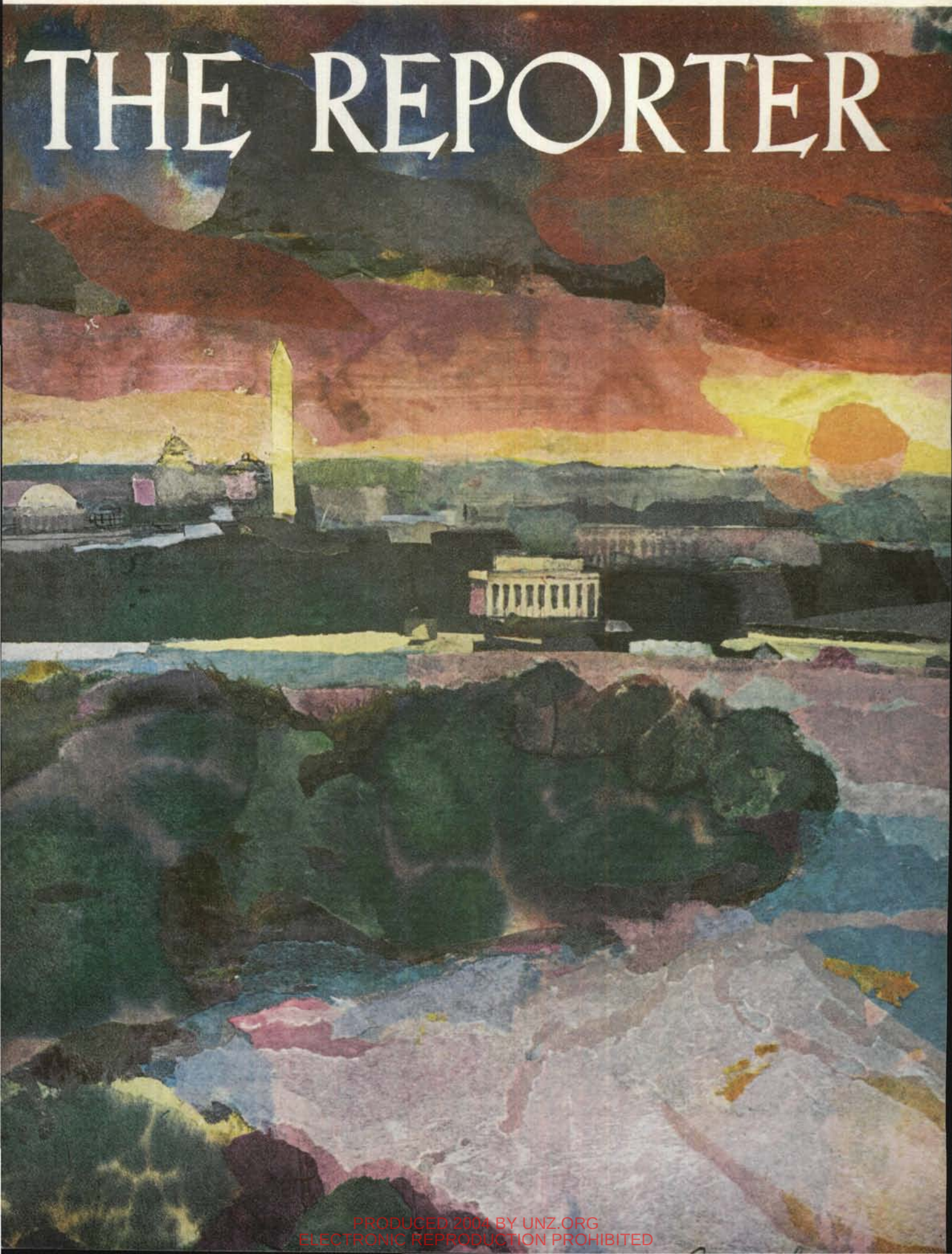
Farewell to Our Readers

June 13, 1968 35¢

HUBERT HUMPHREY IN 1968

THE REPORTER



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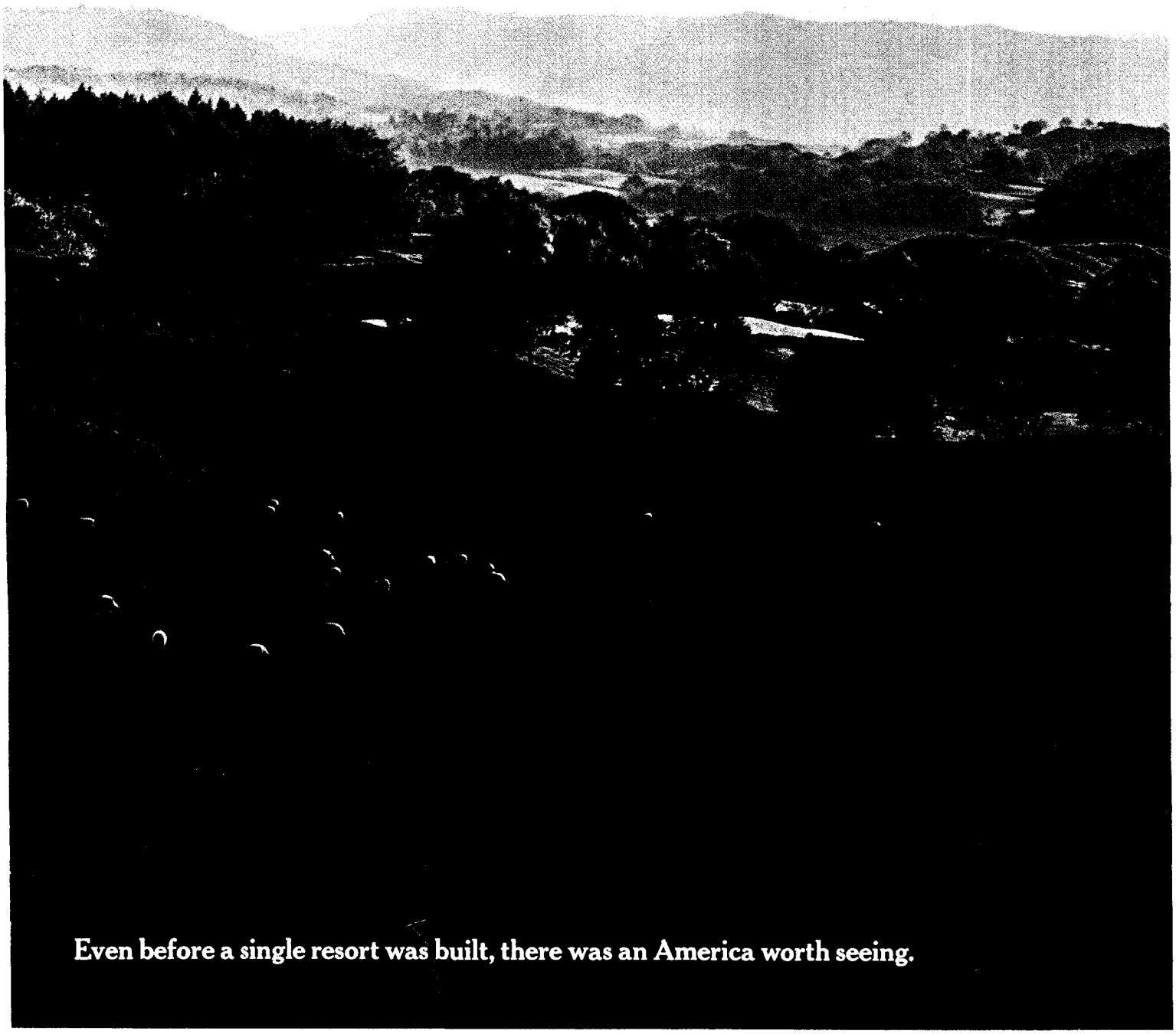


Even before a single resort was built, there was an America worth seeing.

Before there were dude ranches and skyscrapers and Olympic-size swimming pools, there were mountains and valleys and rivers and lakes and forests and prairies.

Before there was a New York, there was the Hudson.

Before there was a Miami, there was the Everglades.

Before there was a Denver, there were the Rockies.

Before there was a San Francisco, there was Big Sur.

Even before anything was built on it, there was an America. And it's still there.

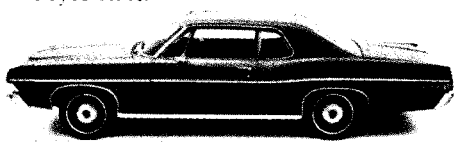
Despite all the square miles of steel and concrete, much of the country looks just as it did when the first explorers first set eyes on it.

This summer, when you fly somewhere for a vacation, don't overlook it.

Call Hertz, or your travel agent.

By adding a few dollars onto the hundreds you'll be spending anyway, you can rent a Ford or another good car.

With one of our cars and one of our many tour pamphlets, you can drive out to where the Points of Interest don't have signs hanging on them.



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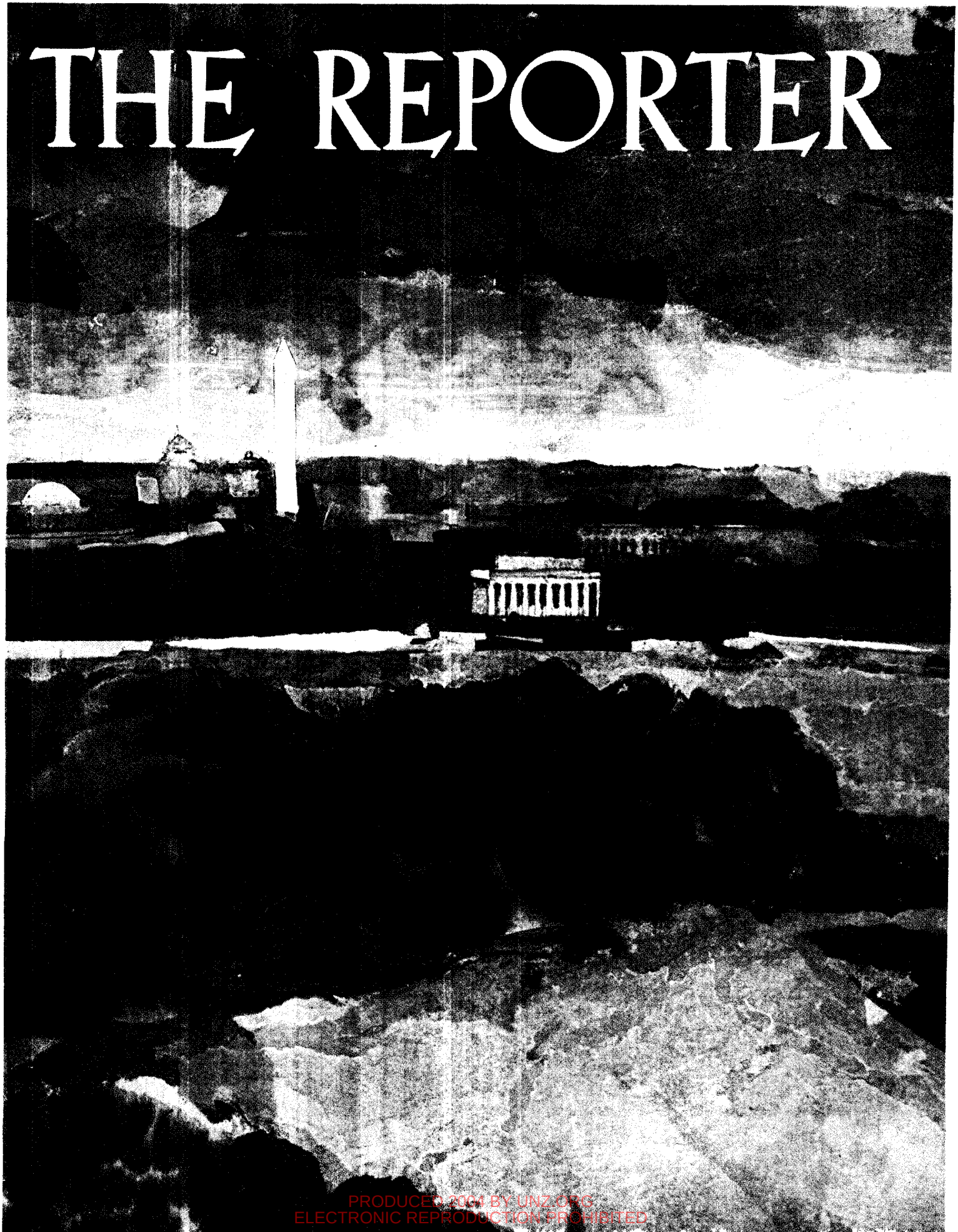

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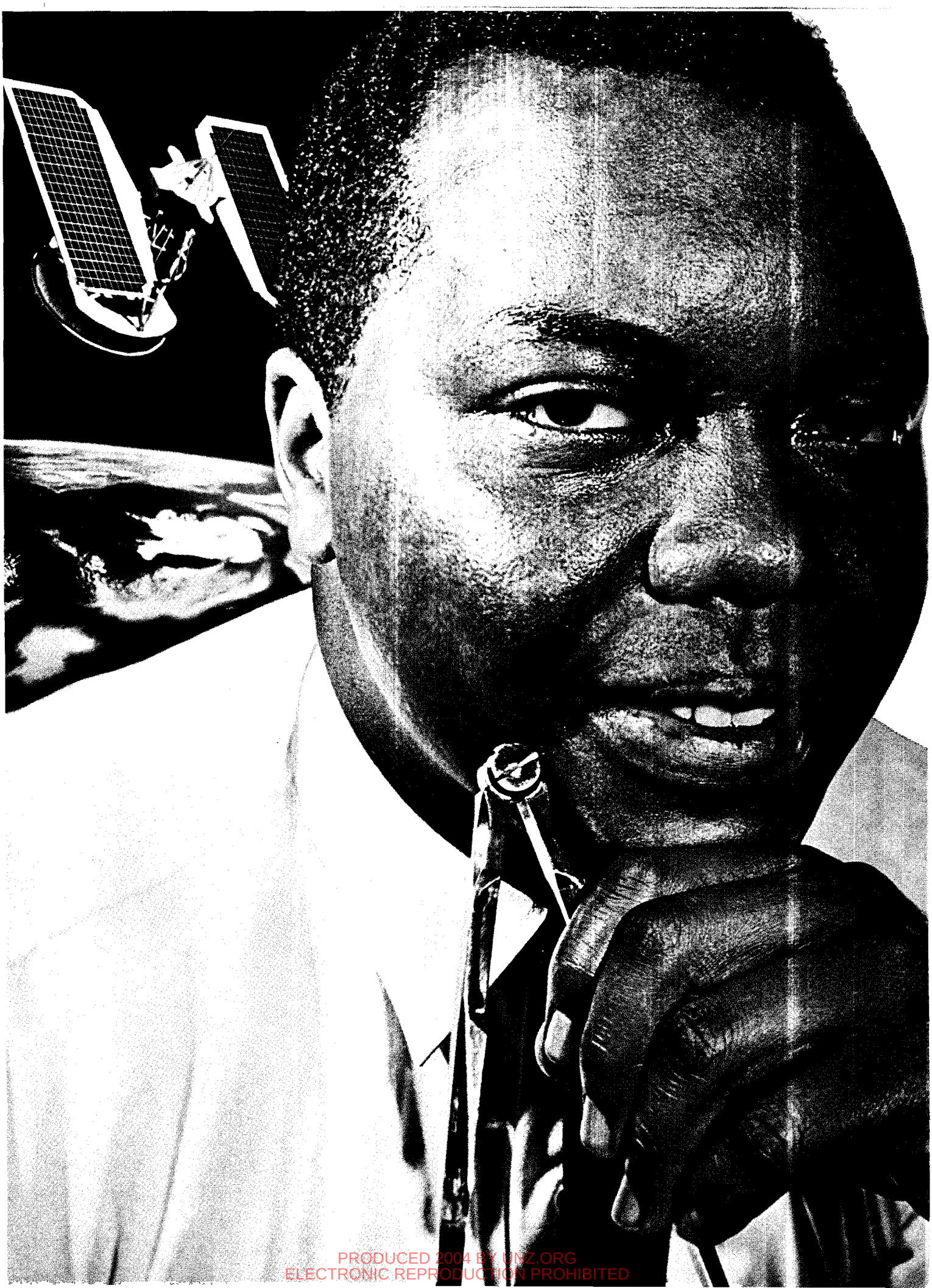

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This meteorologist studies starlight for a clue to the weather.

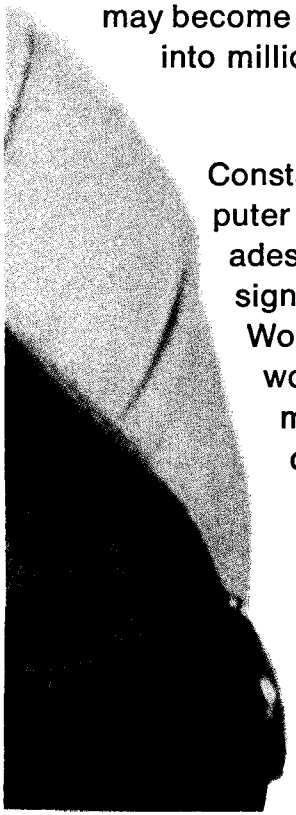
Who'd guess he's in the computer business?

"To make more precise forecasts," says IBM's Nathaniel Woodrick, "weathermen need more precise facts about the atmosphere—millions per day from all over the world. My job is to see how computers can help.

"Much of this information will soon be gathered by space satellite. The computer is needed to refine this mass of information and make it more meaningful to forecasters.

"For example, satellites will measure how much starlight bends —or deflects—as it enters the atmosphere. How much it bends depends on the atmospheric density. When the deflection measurements are fed into a computer, the result will be a stream of precise pressure readings which are vital to forecasting.

"As techniques like this are perfected, exact 2-week forecasts may become possible. The savings to farmers alone could run into millions."



Constant innovation has been a way of life in the computer business from its beginning less than two decades ago. Today, computers are blinking away on assignments that weren't even contemplated then. Nat Woodrick is typical of the thousands of men and women in the industry who, along with their customers, continually search for new ways to use computers.

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**A slum is like . . . "a quagmire, a big quicksand.
Just like you step in something,
you just sink and you can't get out of it . . .
I mean you can live here for millions and millions of years
and you will see the same place, same time, and same situation.
It's just like time stops here."**

A quote from a resident of a Gary, Indiana, slum,
before the United States Commission on Civil Rights.

What's it like to live in a slum?

You have to feel it. And smell it. And taste it. You have to choke on the physical and moral sickness of it. Living in a slum just might be man's most degrading experience.

And, whether you know it or not, slums affect you. Because slums have no boundaries. Right now, in every major city in America, the slum is spilling over its tenement walls. And slowly, but visibly, the sickness of these slums is becoming the sickness of our cities.

Look at the figures. One third of this country's jobless are concentrated in our cities' slums. 47% of these families are on welfare. Is it any wonder then that so much crime and disease is bred there?

The future of our cities depends in large part on what we do today about our slums. It's a job that must rest primarily with government. But it's a job that also needs the help of business and labor and private citizens . . . inside and outside the slum. White and Negro alike. For the job will take years and cost billions. But concerted action—now—can be effective. For the very cities that are suffering most have at their command human and economic resources unequalled anywhere else in the world.

It's everyone's problem. That's why we ask everyone to act directly and vigorously in this crisis. Help is needed to build and improve housing, to create job-training centers, to re-evaluate hiring practices, to participate in community programs of health and education.

That's why we ask private citizens to voice their convictions in an effort to alleviate these problems.

As businessmen, we are dismayed at the economic consequences should we fail to heed this call to action. As men, we are appalled at the prospect of greater personal tragedy.

What about you? Whether you are moved to act out of compassion or self-interest, do act. For whoever you are, whatever you do, you, in your own way, can help. And you can begin today.

For suggestions about kinds of constructive action you, your business, religious, social, or civic organization can take, send for the free booklet, "Whose Crisis? . . . Yours."

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THE REPORTER

THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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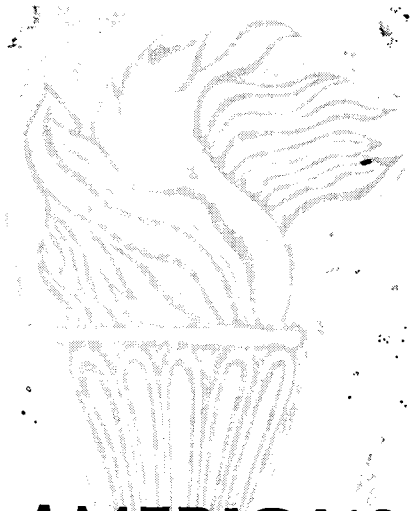

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Solution to

THE REPORTER

Puzzle #193

Acrostician—

E. G. WHEELER

(Solution to Puzzle #192 on Page 51: the next Acrostickler will appear in the July issue of Harper's Magazine.)

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Leaders are developed, not grown! And our colleges, through quality education, can develop them best.

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

IT WAS up to **Max Ascoli,** who started working on this magazine in 1948 when it was in the project stage, to write a farewell to our readers. When the magazine first published, on April 26, 1949, its aim was to reach a circulation of fifty thousand copies. The fact that *The Reporter* has acquired a circulation well over 200,000 and an influence far beyond its size made it much harder for him to reach the decision to retire the magazine and himself as its editor and publisher. He will now contribute to *Harper's* and work on two books to be published by Atheneum.

WE ARE LEAVING the political scene at a most intriguing moment. Senators McCarthy and Kennedy are beating each other about the ears, while Vice President Humphrey is apparently ahead of both opponents without even entering a primary. We hope that he will win the nomination and go on to defeat Richard Nixon—or whoever the G.O.P. nominates—in November. This has been a bizarre year, to say the least, and the best hope we see for the kind of social healing and political leadership this country badly needs is in Mr. Humphrey. **Meg Greenfield,** reporting on where Humphrey stands today, illuminates some of the reasons for our endorsement. . . . One of the least missed casualties of the year, we trust, may be Adam Clayton Powell. He served his race well at the outset of his career, but for too long has been a luxury his unrepresented constituents can ill afford. We hope the coming election will bring to Harlem the kind of constructive congressman the district needs in these troubled times. **Paul Duke,** who is with NBC News in Washington, has covered Powell's progress for many years. . . . Some of our reservations about the one man, one vote kind of democracy are borne out by the treatment Maryland voters gave a constitutional-reform measure this spring. Although supported by nearly every responsible leader in both parties, the reform was defeated at the polls. **Ian Kerrison** is the pseudonym of a writer closely involved in Maryland politics.

ANOTHER STORY we must leave before the final chapter is written is unfolding in France. We praised Charles de Gaulle's efforts to save France, deplored his role as the spoiler of NATO and a united Europe, but now derive no satisfaction from his hard fate. **Edmond Taylor,** who has followed French politics for us from Paris during much of de Gaulle's rule, places the 1968 French revolution in the context of a worldwide struggle. . . . In Belgium, too, something analagous to the student uprisings throughout Europe has helped to bring down the government, though the event was overshadowed in the press. The battle over the University of Louvain began with students but soon became a part of the intractable rivalry of Flemings and Walloons that divides the country. **Albert H. Bowman** is a Fulbright visiting professor of history at the Catholic University of Louvain. . . . That venerable institution, the public library, is not keeping up with the times. **Priscilla Dunhill,** a free-lance writer on urban subjects, shows where the libraries are falling short of their responsibilities and what experiments are under way for making them more responsive to community needs. . . . The Roman Catholics of Vietnam wield an influence greater than their weight in the population, according to **Sam Bingham,** because they have been flexible in their approach to politics and relatively united as a force. Their factions run from conservative to leftist, but they are farther along in reconciling these differences than most groups. Mr. Bingham covered the Vietnam War for Empire News/Photography until he was wounded in the Tet offensive. . . . Spring hits **Fernando Krahn.**

Gilbert Rogin is the author of *The Fencing Master and Other Stories* (Random House). . . . **Roland Gelatt** edits *High Fidelity* and has been a regular contributor since 1955. . . . **Gerald Weales** teaches at the University of Pennsylvania, is a past winner of the George Jean Nathan Award for Dramatic Criticism, and is the author of a dozen books, the next, a survey of contemporary drama, to be published by Macmillan. . . . **Gertrude Himmelfarb's** most recent study is *Victorian Minds* (Knopf). . . . **Kenneth Goodall** is a member of our staff. . . . **Mark McCloskey's** first collection of poems, *Goodbye, but Listen,* was published in March by Vanderbilt University Press.

Our cover is by **Arthur Shilstone.**

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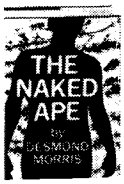

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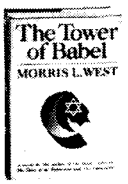

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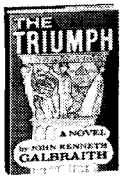

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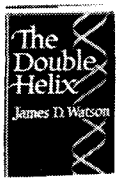

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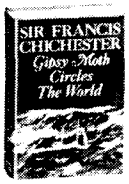

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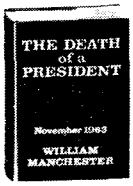

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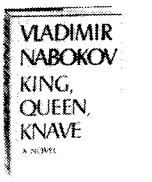

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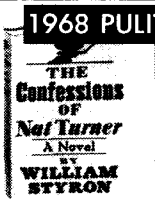

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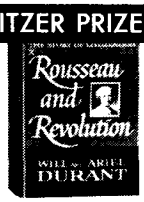

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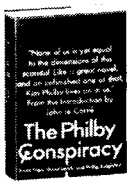

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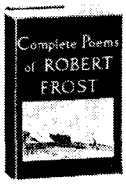

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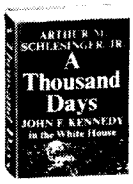

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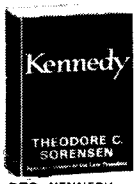

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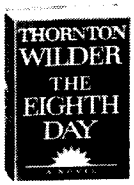

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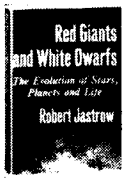

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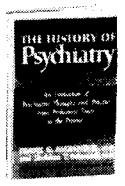

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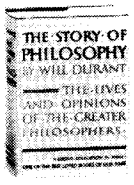

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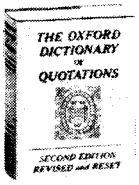

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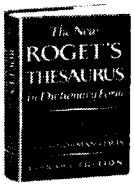

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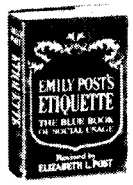

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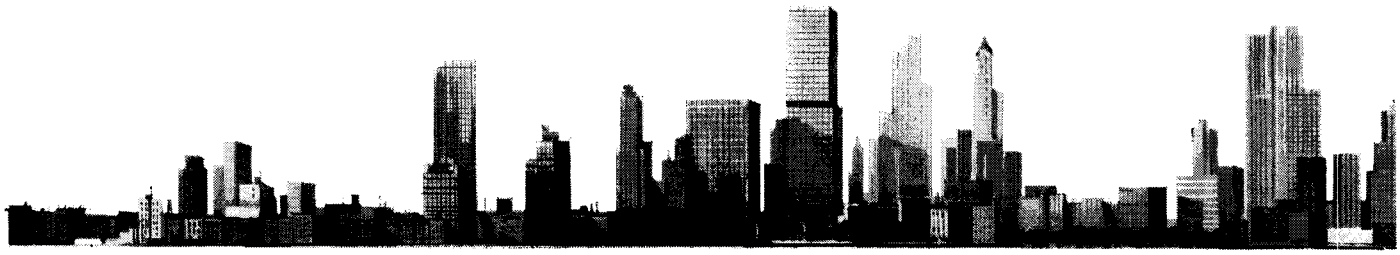

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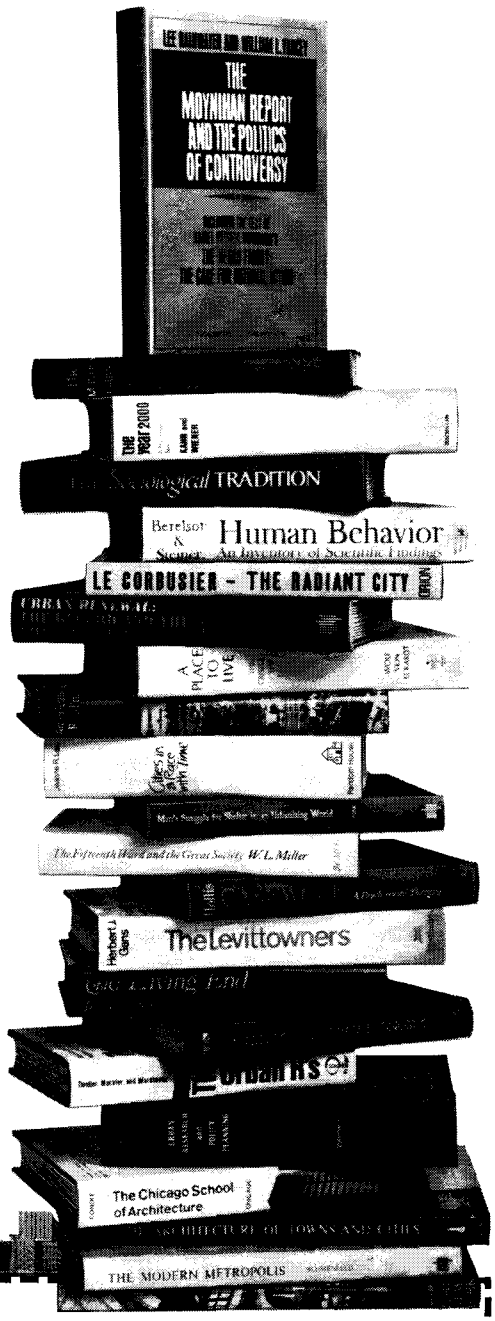

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CORRESPONDENCE

TO OUR READERS

With this issue *The Reporter* is ceasing publication after nineteen years. All subscribers have been notified that they will be receiving *Harper's* magazine in lieu of *The Reporter*, starting with the July issue of *Harper's*.

The reader response has been extraordinary. We are devoting an extra page in this final issue to printing a few of the heart-warming letters we have received. Max Ascoli replies to them collectively in his editorial.

To the Editor: I am both a parish priest and a professor of sociology, and *The Reporter* has provided more sermon illustrations and classroom examples for me than any other single periodical or book. I think I have learned more about the in-depth workings of our democratic precesses from "The Reporter's Notes" and Max Ascoli's editorials than from any other source, extinct or extant.

REVEREND JACK D. EALES, Rector
Calvary Episcopal Church
Utica, New York

To the Editor: Saddened as I am by the unexpected news about my favorite magazine, there is much solace in the thought that you will continue to express yourself in another medium. So long as your gallant, clear, and stalwart thoughts come through, I care little in what medium, or between what covers, they find tongue. But *The Reporter* will be missed very, very much.

ERNEST GROSS
New York

To the Editor: I was saddened to learn of *The Reporter's* imminent demise. But I think you have every reason to be proud of what you have accomplished these past two decades. You have earned an honorable niche in the history of American journalism, and this ought to be a source of great satisfaction to you.

IRVING KRISTOL
Basic Books, Inc.
New York

To the Editor: You no doubt will receive numerous letters from your liberal subscribers lamenting your decision to cease publication. But may I, a conservative subscriber ("right-wing liberal" is the term I prefer), add my regrets over your decision?

I have been a *Reporter* subscriber and faithful reader for many years, at first because I believe it is important to consider all viewpoints, then because I realized that here was a magazine of depth reporting, excellent writing, and deep integrity.

I have not always agreed with everything I read in your pages. But I always read them knowing that the editors and publisher were men of ability and honor; men who had the courage of their convictions, but who also had the humility to understand that they did not have all the answers.

I will miss your magazine. But you can take comfort in the knowledge that it performed a valuable service to its readers during its all-too-brief lifetime.

EDWIN MCDOWELL
The *Arizona Republic*
Phoenix

To the Editor: I was very sorry to learn about the end of *The Reporter*. As a reader throughout the nineteen years of its existence, I have had some very sharp disagreements with some of your editorial views, but have always regarded *The Reporter* as an important contribution to American commentary.

FRANK E. SMITH, Director
Tennessee Valley Authority
Knoxville, Tennessee

To the Editor: I was a charter subscriber to *The Reporter* early in my marriage when we could really afford no magazines at all. For almost twenty years it has been one of the necessary luxuries in our household.

I do not need to tell you the virtues of your fine publication. I can only say as a free-lance writer I have had the hope, which I dared not examine very often, that some day I would achieve the competence required to write for *The Reporter*.

I shall save every issue I still have. If I finally do qualify for acceptance in a quality magazine, it will be because of what I have learned from *The Reporter*.

MRS. J. S. HODSDON
Granville, Massachusetts

To the Editor: You have performed a very great service to the American people as well as to others who have the opportunity of seeing *The Reporter*. It has been an inspiration to sanity and calmness of thought without neglect of the basic values upon which the further development of democratic society depends. We are indebted to you, and we are sorry that you cannot continue.

WALTER H. C. LAVES
Department of Government
Indiana University
Bloomington, Indiana

To the Editor: I'm sorry the experiment is over, but you proved some things: some light was shed, some talents discovered, and a lot of people are the better for your great efforts over these years.

ERIC SEVAREID
National Correspondent
CBS News
Washington, D. C.

To the Editor: In the years that I've subscribed to *The Reporter*, I have found it an oasis of in-depth study in a desert of incredibly shallow "reporting." On occasion it infuriated me. Most often it illuminated me. But never, never did it bore me.

GEORGE GOTTRIDGE
Miller Advertising Agency
New York

To the Editor: From the smallest details of illustrations, cover, and poems to the broadest policy decisions (your uncompromising honesty on every issue), *The Reporter* was the best magazine I have ever seen.

R. H. HIMEL
New Orleans

To the Editor: Before I saw the announcement in *Time* of your plan to end publication, I intended to write and congratulate you on your stand on the Vietnam war. Like you, I remember the Nazi era and how appeasement just led to a bigger and bloodier confrontation. Not that my opinion matters, but perhaps one voice in agreement among all the howls of protest might lessen the feeling of loneliness of an unpopular idea.

CATHERINE J. STAPP
Gooding, Idaho

To the Editor: *The Reporter* has been required reading for me for so long I can no longer remember when I first subscribed. You have helped me with my own personal growth and made me a more effective person in the work I do. I feel as though I am losing a patient, kindly, and wise teacher.

CRAIG WILSON
Editor, Action Line
Akron *Beacon Journal*
Akron, Ohio

To the Editor: I hasten to congratulate you for an effective job that has, in my opinion, accomplished a great deal in the years of *The Reporter's* existence. Its readership has been important, its influence substantial. As you complete this chapter, I believe you have every right to be proud of what you have accomplished.

EDWARD W. BARRETT, Dean
Graduate School of Journalism
Columbia University

To the Editor: Having been a subscriber from the inception of *The Reporter* with only one period of lapse, I found it a constant source of stimulation and contribution to real understanding. I'm sure that I join many others in expressing to you our sincere regret that it will not be continued as a separate publication.

My sincere best wishes for success in your continuing efforts to contribute a voice of reason in these difficult times.

JAMES M. NICHOLSON, Commissioner
Federal Trade Commission
Washington, D. C.

To the Editor: *The Reporter* has done a

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splendid job. It is a unique publication and, in a milieu of increasing intellectual conformity, is urgently needed.

ROBERT STRAUSZ-HUPE
Foreign Policy Research Institute
University of Pennsylvania
Philadelphia

To the Editor: To me, *The Reporter* has been an almost indispensable magazine, and when I couple its forthcoming demise with Johnson's announcement that he will not seek another term, I begin to wonder whether anything that is intelligently, as opposed to emotionally, liberal can survive.

THOMAS CALDECOT CHUBB
Thomasville, Georgia

To the Editor: During the time I have been a steady reader I have found *The Reporter* most valuable because of its wide range of interest in national and international affairs, because of the low amounts of bias in the articles it publishes, and also because of its superb book reviews. When it ceases to publish there will be very much of a gap in the field and I can't see how anyone else can fill it.

I have in front of me your editorial, "The Presidency," and the sense of outrage conveyed in it is heartbreaking. But, sir, remember that you have seen in Europe things that your critics (I hope) will never see, that you have steered to the same star since before some of them were born, and that it is most probable that you still see farther than they do.

CHARLES H. CARPENTER
Belmont, Massachusetts

To the Editor: The end of *The Reporter* is an ill omen. Something is happening in this land that is already casting the shadow of totalitarianism across the road ahead. And the process is being speeded by the very ones who are trying to make themselves the spokesmen for freedom.

The Reporter was a kind of rallying point for those who felt the anxieties you have expressed so well in the last few years, particularly in recent months. Where do we go now? Thank you for the brightest "experiment in adult journalism" this land has ever seen.

RICHARD E. BIEBER, Pastor
Messiah Lutheran Church
Detroit

To the Editor: Facts are facts and we have to live with them—but I feel as though I were losing a friend.

The Reporter has been a fine magazine. Its end reflects on the people who wouldn't support it.

RICHARD C. HOTTELET
United Nations Correspondent
CBS News
New York

To the Editor: The country will be losing one of the most useful publications we have.

It has been a pleasure to read articles written and edited by people who know their business, and know how to use the English language.

FRANK UHLIG, JR., Editor
Naval Review
United States Naval Institute
Annapolis, Maryland

To the Editor: Your devotion to the magazine has not been in vain. Frequently when I have felt very way out in left field I have had solace and comfort in finding in your publication a great deal of rational background for the opinion I have held. When it has seemed that the whole world might have removed itself from solidity and stability, I have found *The Reporter* a boon.

MRS. SAMUEL E. HOPKINS, JR.
Pittsburgh

To the Editor: Of this be sure: you have not failed. You informed, educated, influenced, and amused us for many years. There must have been many, many others who similarly benefited. Unless we're mistaken, that's precisely what you set out to do.

GERARD H. BORSTEL
Baltimore

To the Editor: You have been a great editor, an independent editor who didn't feel that he had to be a voice of the Right or a voice of the Left. You are about the last one I know of in the magazine field who spoke with a voice of independence backed by clear thinking and love of country. *The Reporter* will be missed very much.

ALLEN GRIFFIN, President
Monterey Peninsula *Herald*
Monterey, California

To the Editor: This is indeed a sad month. But thank you. You've given us happy years of clear, beautiful writing and a better understanding of the fragile art of constructive reporting. They'll be missed.

LANE LARRISON
Chicago

To the Editor: Your "experiment" has been most successful, for the magazine has developed a consistent and thoughtful approach to the events that have shaped the world we live in; its articles have not been isolated pieces, but studies in depth. It is comforting to know that I will continue to have the pleasure of reading you and your talented colleagues in *Harper's*.

A. L. SACHAR, President
Brandeis University
Waltham, Massachusetts

To the Editor: As a charter subscriber to *The Reporter* I am dismayed to learn that you have found it necessary to discontinue publication. Although my subscription has not been continuous during the past nineteen years, I have read and valued *The Reporter* year by year. I think you did a fine job.

A. E. P. WALL, Editor
The *Catholic Review*
Baltimore

To the Editor: The only consolation is that some of you will be moving over to *Harper's* and I hope you can continue the good work. We certainly need some lively writers who know what they are talking about to offset the pompous ponderous prose we get in the prestigious publications that we are forced to read daily, weekly, and quarterly.

JOSEPH M. KIRCHHEIMER
New York

To the Editor: Your magazine has never been slanted; it showed the honesty and integrity of a true liberal. Since I am a subscriber of *Harper's*, I am looking forward to reading your articles in the future.

JACK BARTH
Baltimore

To the Editor: I have read your publication for years, with a dedication, but I have never *purchased* a copy. I read coverless copies from a local newsstand, donated to the prison.

The talented and astute writers on your staff have been an education to me. Your publication was the last one on the vine, and even as a free-loader I will miss it.

ALFRED C. MACK
Ohio Penitentiary
Columbus, Ohio

To the Editor: *The Reporter* achieved that most sought after desideratum, it seems to me—that of having a sense of immediacy as well as being able to delve in depth into the subject matter at hand.

BERTRAM B. JOHANSSON
The *Christian Science Monitor*
Boston

To the Editor: A death in the small family of honest journalism is a tragedy in this day and age. Your thoughtful approach to the subject at hand appeals to me enormously in your writing, and I wish you well in your new endeavor.

DIANE BEVERLY BLEIBERG
New York

To the Editor: A generous professor some time ago gave me Beethoven and Mahler and Shakespeare and *The Reporter*—the best of all the news media in the world, a source of valid ideas and thinking leading to intelligent growth, he said. Ten years of reading and finding converts for *The Reporter* attest to his and your wisdom.

The loss of *The Reporter* brings to mind the ironic lines from Eliot's *Family Reunion:* "And now it is nearly time for the news: we must listen to the weather report and the international catastrophes."

Captain DAVID G. LOEB
Ogden, Utah

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In the Beginning

"One more appropriation, one more hunk of millions to be allocated to Europe? Congress is getting sulky and sometimes a bit nasty. ECA—second round, the Atlantic Pact, some form of military lend-lease, and, of course, our own military budget, which might be extravagant and might not be nearly enough. Then there are pensions for ex-servicemen, and soon the new or expanded agencies of the welfare state will start coming up with their budgets. The Congressman keeps adding and adding. He looks at the other side of the ledger: Can taxes be increased? Then he tries subtracting. But no matter whether he adds or subtracts or multiplies or divides, arithmetic doesn't make him happy."

For the plus ça change department we quote the above—the first words of the first page of the first issue of *The Reporter*, which appeared in April of 1949. It got us to thinking, and so we rooted back among the clips and the reference books to refresh our memories. Specifically, we were interested, as one might be in the events on the day of one's birth, in the personalities of importance to us now: what were they up to then? And in a general way, what was going on at the time of *The Reporter's first issue?*

Well, students at the College of the City of New York made the papers on account of a five-day strike trying to force the ouster of two professors—one for anti-Semitism and one for segregating Negroes in a dormitory. Bao Dai, we learn, was heading home from Paris to "head a new French sponsored Vietnam union." In Washington, the American Medical Association was denouncing President Truman's proposed health plan (to be, in time, Medicare) as an "Old World Scourge," President Truman was trying to get a civil-rights bill through Congress as well — and Senator Hubert Humphrey was pushing for a bill establishing a Civil Rights Commission, as Facts on File recalls for us, "in an effort to get some civil-rights action in this session."

So much for les memes choses: some things were different. "Nixon, (Rep.) Richard . . ." as the New York Times Index entry reads, "in Un-Amer pars; US—Espionage . . . in Coplon-Gubitchev pars; May 15 in Eisler . . . in Hiss par . . . in investigations par. . . ." There was still no Robert Kennedy to speak of, and although he was already in Congress, the real Eugene J. McCarthy had yet to stand up: "McCarthy, Eugene R. See YMCA . . . McCarthy, Eugene S. See US—Espionage, F. 17 in Axis Sally par."

In addition to Hubert Humphrey, two of our principal subjects in this —our last—issue were very much in the news. "Powell, Adam Clayton" was raising hell with the discriminatory aspects of the Taft-Hartley law and "Gaulle, Charles de" was very much in the picture. France, as a matter of fact was enjoying, if that is the word we want, Communist-led and anti-Communist-led demonstrations. "Charles de Gaulle," the *Times* of the period tells us, "addressed the May Day workers festival today. . . . While he was speaking, Benoit Franchon of the Communist-led workers was addressing a crowd at the Bastille, urging them to revolt rather than to join in a war against the Soviet Union." The day before, the papers reported from Paris, "anti-Communist leftists and liberals staged an 'International Day of Resistance to Dictatorship and War. . . .'" And what was General de Gaulle talking about on that day back in 1949? He gave lukewarm support to the North Atlantic Pact, saying that it would not give France full security."

Forgive us if our conclusions are not very sentimental, being more of a death-and-taxes nature. We are pleased to note, anyway, that there have been more taxes than deaths among those who spend their time worrying about them. Our hasty comparison of times present and times past also tends to confirm our belief in original sin as a manifestation of inequity that is usually anything but original.

Resurrection City

For a few days there was novelty, energy, even a kind of gaiety about the project, as the Reverend Ralph David Abernathy presided over the construction of the poor people's plywood encampment—Resurrection City. The mischances of those first few days seemed minor; the schedule of construction did not meet the number of arrivals; there were more people than meals and local churches were obliged to step up their efforts. On nightly television, inhabitants of the camp would be interviewed and their message would be moving, their desperation vivid. It almost seemed as if Washington could look on the project with equanimity. The tidy rows of A-frame huts were found a suitable token of the need for the men at both ends of Pennsylvania Avenue to do something about the plight of the poor people.

Only the sense of well-being and of fitness soon were revealed to be as flimsy as the plywood huts. Rain, mud, sewage, cold, illness, outbreaks of trouble—all this began to overtake the spirit of a singing camp meeting. And outside the fenced-off area tourists peered without friendship at their fellow citizens inside, remarking on the squalor, pointing at this and that—generally evincing a kind of attention wholly unlike that which Reverend Abernathy and the late Dr. King had hoped to attract from well-off America. To be sure, by the end of a couple of weeks, the poor people's representatives had been able to

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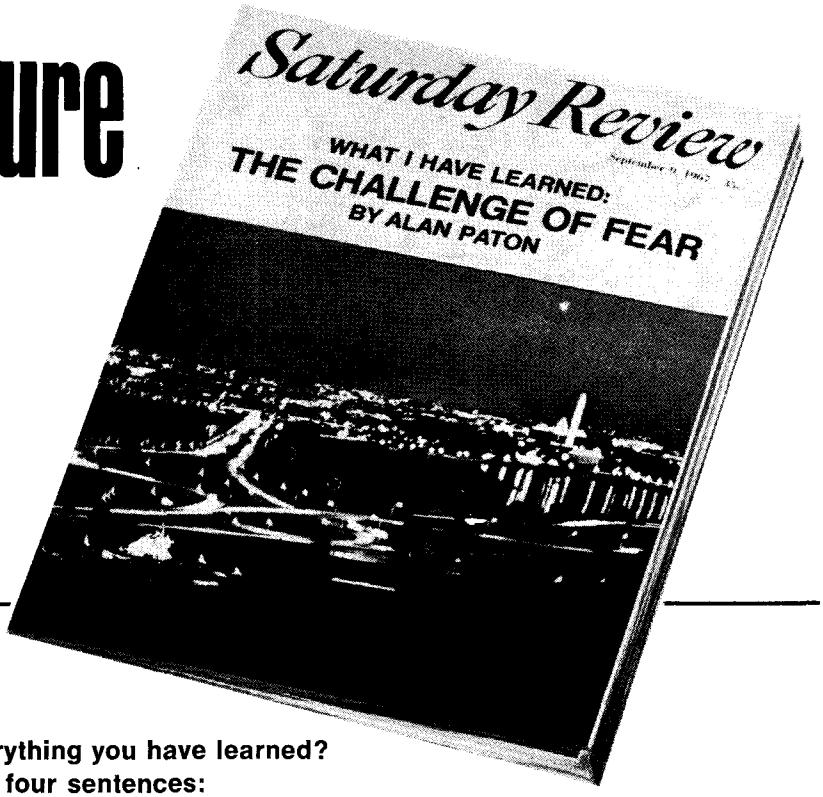
Weekly adventure in ideas and learning



How long would it take *you* to sum up everything you have learned? Historian Charles A. Beard did it in these four sentences:

1. **Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad.**
2. **The mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small.**
3. **The bee fertilizes the flower it robs.**
4. **When it is dark enough, you can see the stars.**

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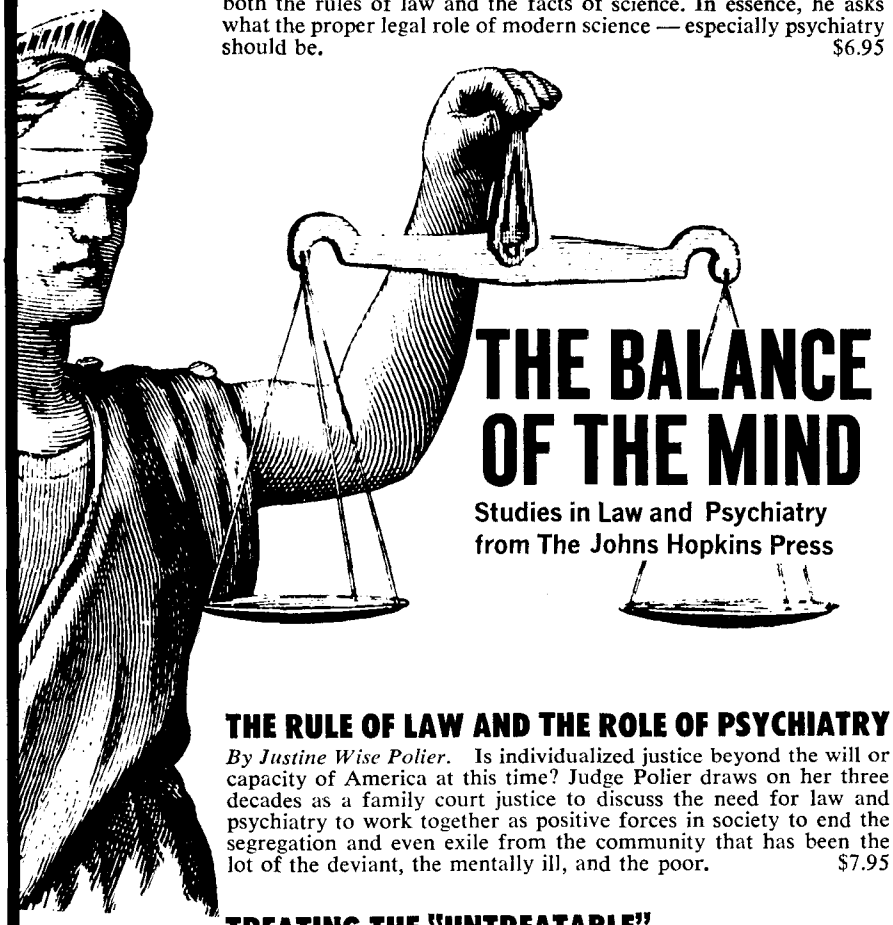

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compel a meeting with Representative Wilbur Mills (no mean trick in the capital), but if anything had come of it, it was a well kept secret. And for the time being, the only legislation that their presence had seemed to inspire was a bill to prevent any encampments such as theirs on the public lands of Washington in the future.

The View From Bratislava

From the reports we get from Bratislava, it is hard to avoid the impression that for once the Slovak tail has wagged the Czech dog. A new sense of identity is alive in the Slovak capital, and it may well prove stronger than the liberal tide that has been sweeping Czechoslovakia; indeed strong enough to survive if the tide itself is halted or reversed.

Both Slovak and Czech intellectuals concede that the unlimited freedom to write and speak one's mind is almost excessive and may soon be curbed. Signs of restrictions, some self-imposed, are already visible and more are sure to come. And the new constitution now being drafted won't make Czechoslovakia the model democracy many—though definitely not the Slovaks—thought it was between the wars.

No one in Bratislava uses the conditional tense when talking about Slovakia's future. People are convinced that the "nationality" problem that plagued the Hapsburg Empire, Thomas Masaryk's republic, and the Communist state alike has been resolved in terms of Slovak interest. There will be a federal status for Slovakia, they say, with a government in Bratislava parallel to that in Prague. ("Federal" is the operative word in this context; "autonomy" is shunned. It has been promised too often and never delivered.) Only defense, foreign affairs, and foreign trade will be left in the hands of the central government. The Slovak economy will benefit from government support where needed, most notably in the chemical industry, and from Deputy Premier Ota Sik's reforms which are designed to prevent government interference. Slovak economists are already talking of "managerial socialism" as a compromise between

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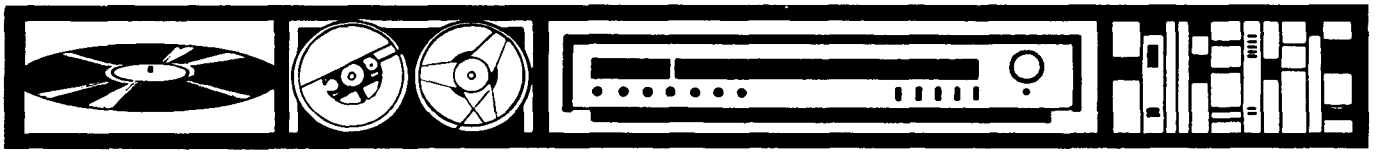

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the old rigid centralism and the Yugoslav model of "collective socialism" which gives workers decision-making powers.

Finally, and perhaps most important, they are confident that the process of rehabilitating their nationalist leaders and upgrading Slovak history will continue. Once realized, these changes will have given them what they have always wanted most: a voice and conscience as a nation embedded in a prospering economy and protected in the framework of a larger state. For many in Bratislava, intellectuals and politicians, these goals are enough in themselves and worth sacrificing the liberals' other aims: a free press and a system of multiparty democratic socialism. Others, especially the victims of the purges of the 1950's, still hope for the whole pie. These differences spark most political debates.

Certainly the view from Bratislava is different from that in Prague. National and political issues motivate the Slovaks. To be sure, they suffered even more from Stalinist repression than did the Czechs. But rehabilitation of Slovak nationalist leaders convicted in 1952 and reevaluation of Slovak history (especially the 1944 uprising against the Germans: the Slovaks manned the only significant partisan activity in the country) took priority on the Slovak scale of values. The bitter truth is that the Czechs used Stalinism to put down Slovak nationalism, purging Slovak Communist leaders as "bourgeois nationalists." As a result the Slovak cause became wholly identified with the general campaign for reform. The Slovaks fought a twelve-year campaign to overthrow the Novotny regime: when one group faltered, another took over.

The Slovak quest ended last year in the Central Committee when Dubcek directly attacked Novotny's methods. Novotny lashed out at him: "You're a Slovak nationalist." "Prove it!" Dubcek shot back. And before Novotny's unbelieving eyes his own hand-picked Central Committee deserted him.

This background is important in the light of present developments. The Slovaks can present a hefty political bill in Prague. Dubcek has to

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pay for it, but compared to other manifestations of extreme liberalism it is cheap at the price. For Dubcek must convince the Soviet Union that Czechoslovak liberalism has rigid limits and that the social changes in the country can be continued—and not exported into jittery Poland and East Germany. Slovak support is important. And this Dubcek has, even among the Bratislava intellectuals.

For they know, and the moderate liberals in Prague know, that the nation now needs time to digest the upheaval, time to pass and test new laws, to set up new rules of social and political conduct. This can only be done in an atmosphere of political calm and quiet. And nothing has upset the Russians more than talk in Prague—and much worse in the West—of competing parties vying for political power, parties whose roots go back to the Masaryk-Benes republic.

Some day, the intellectuals say, perhaps in two or three years, we can get around to setting up a system of two or more political parties. In point of fact, thanks to the dual nation-state, there have been two political parties all along: the Czech Communist Party and the Slovak Communist Party. The competition between the two provided the motive force of the reform. Both parties, while clinging to the designation "socialist" as to a life-preserver, acknowledge that their foremost task is to refine socialism.

Meanwhile, in order to protect their basic gains, the two peoples accept token military intervention by the Soviets in the form of Warsaw Pact maneuvers on Czechoslovakian soil.

The Play's the Thing

It is not widely known, but the idea of writing a play around Rosencrantz and Guildenstern is not original with Tom Stoppard, author of the current, tautonymous Broadway hit. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, a tragic episode in three tableaux by Sir William Gilbert of Gilbert and Sullivan, was first (and as far as we know last) performed on Wednesday, June 3, 1891, at the Vaudeville Theatre, London. What follows is the argument of the original:

"King Claudius, when a young man, wrote a five-act tragedy which was damned, and all reference to it forbidden under penalty of death. The King has a son—Hamlet—whose tendency to soliloquy has so alarmed his mother, Queen Gertrude, that she has sent for Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, to devise some Court revels for his entertainment. Rosencrantz is a former lover of Ophelia to whom Hamlet is bethrothed, and they lay their heads together to devise a plan to put Hamlet out of the way. Some court theatricals are in preparation. Ophelia and Rosencrantz persuade Hamlet to play his father's tragedy before the King and the Court. Hamlet, who is unaware of the prescription, does so, and he is banished, and Rosencrantz happily united to Ophelia."

We consider Sir William's development of the idea far more ingenious than Stoppard's Rosie-comelately, and deserving of revival. The ideal cast is so obvious as to obtrude itself: Ophelia—Elizabeth Taylor; Rosencrantz—Richard Burton; Hamlet—Bobby Kennedy. The rest is silence.

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Farewell to Our Readers

SOMEHOW, I feel that this is the last lecture in the faculty I established nineteen years ago. I have been a teacher in my native country and pursued my vocation here, where I felt I belonged, using the spoken and the printed word. For nearly two decades, I have borne the editorial and publishing responsibilities of this magazine. I am closing it now, not for having reached retirement age, but because I want to devote all my energies to writing.

I owe it to *The Reporter's* readers and to myself to look back and gain a better understanding of the principles and the accidents that have brought *The Reporter* through its course, and I owe it to the present and past members of the staff that the magazine has gone as far as it has. But if the work of *The Reporter* is to be meaningfully concluded, I must close *The Reporter*.

To go through a cycle of experience only once is not enough: otherwise, it cannot be critically assimilated and then shared by a larger number of people than those who had originally partaken of it. A reflection, rethinking the basic ideas *The Reporter* has stood for, is imperative, and particularly the idea of freedom. More than once, *The Reporter* carried an editorial titled "This Liberal Magazine." "Freedom," ran one written in 1955, "is never unalloyed, and were some metaphysical laboratory ever to produce 'pure freedom' it would not be worth having. . . . The first condition for making freedom prevail and defeating Communism is to avoid pursuing either goal for its own sake. Liberalism is definitely intolerant of anything considered as an end in itself—including liberty. What can be said of life can be said of liberty: We cannot live life, but we can live, as fully as we are able to, that fragment of life which is ours. A liberal, a man who cultivates the skills that make freedom operational, is always a man on special assignment.

"Because of its devotion to freedom, this magazine is always on special assignment."

IT HAS BEEN. Let it be enough to mention the China Lobby, the Berlin Wall, Joseph McCarthy, direct democracy, which lately was given the fancier name of participatory democracy—one of the best recipes for establishing tyranny that has ever been concocted—and, of course, any attempt to establish a Buonaparte dynasty.

We have been faithful to our beliefs, no matter whether the prevailing opinion had gone in the opposite direction. "The balance of power between ourselves and the Communists can never be construed as a balance of values," as the fifteenth anniversary editorial put it. But practically everybody is saying now that it is pedantic and old-fashioned to insist on ethical principles when it comes to political régimes, most particularly those of the Left, and to the behavior of youth, especially when uncontaminated by ideals. This bypassing of ethics has been the major heresy of our times.

Has *The Reporter* done well enough in denouncing and fighting back these most amoral trends? I doubt it. In the assignment it has given itself it has been endeavoring to carry through a type of liberalism different from the amorphous one prevailing in this country—a strange mixture of old-fashioned populism sustained by the firm belief in the healing power of bureaucracy, particularly when this power is exercised by freewheeling liberals. No, *The Reporter* hasn't done enough in counteracting the most weedy strains of liberalism. On a number of occasions it did call a few of these liberals by their right name. But it did so too early, thereby offending them twice; once when the description was made, and then when they had to accept it.

Some of the major *Reporter* failures came from its being overrestrained by the fear of being predictable and of sounding preacherish. Perhaps one of the most grievous mistakes has been mine: I muzzled myself when it came to spiritual and religious matters because I was afraid of showing myself for what I am: a deeply religious man. This should be enough with mea culpas were it not for a little addition: my last two heroes were Charles de Gaulle and Lyndon Johnson.

THE TIME for an end had to come to this magazine, and the end had better be inflicted by me than by somebody else when I am not in condition to write. Perhaps it is clearer now why I have so much thinking and rethinking ahead of me. But I cannot close without at least mentioning some of the many, many people who helped me make *The Reporter*. An adequate list would be too long. Of those who are dead, I want to name only one, Gouverneur Paulding; of the living, one whom I have greatly missed lately, Marya Mannes.

Now, together with some of *The Reporter's* writers, I am moving to a magazine where everything I publish will be under one heading: Speaking for Myself. I have many things to say, in books and articles.

To the many who have sent me letters like those published in the last two issues, I can only promise that I will do my best to live up to their confidence.

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Hubert Humphrey in 1968

MEG GREENFIELD

WITHIN MINUTES of President Johnson's televised announcement that he didn't intend to run for re-election, the White House switchboard was a-jangle with politicians and public officials asking, among other things, whether Vice President Hubert Humphrey was going to run. It was a good question and one that seemed to gain urgency with each passing hour. From ten o'clock on that night, the campaign staff of Robert F. Kennedy and ultimately the Senator himself were calling all over the country in an effort to gain immediate commitments. A few Humphrey supporters got into the fray too, urging resistance to the Kennedy drive, but they did so in the name of a candidacy they were wholly unprepared to guarantee.

Returning from Mexico City the following night, Humphrey met for half an hour with his staff, spoke to a few labor leaders and members of Congress, and arranged a private breakfast with his close friend Senator Fred Harris (D., Oklahoma) and Harris's wife. To everyone he gave the same message: calm down—he had yet to decide what he was going to do. The Vice President had his reasons for restraint, and one was an instinct for simple political decorum, or not swooping down on a carcass, as he put it. He also reasoned that if the Kennedy tactic should work, it would all be over in forty-eight hours anyhow, and there was nothing whatever to be done about it.

Over the next few days, Humphrey made his position clear. First, he wanted to satisfy himself, he said, that there was a desire in the party and in the country at large for his own candidacy. He added that he had met up with the Kennedy forces before and that better than any man he knew what kind of money was required to match the money they would be spending. The assurance he sought, Humphrey said, was not that the nomination was in the bag, but simply that he had a chance to win it—and also that he was strong enough to settle Richard Nixon's hash in the fall. Thus, soundings were taken.

Considering that Humphrey had been left for dead so often by the polls, the results were astonishing. Southern governors, Northern liberals, Republican businessmen, Democratic Party leaders, and the labor unions were all heard from. It was quite a collection: at the same time that David Ginsburg, the executive director of the Kerner Commission, was enlisting to head up Humphrey's citizens' committee, Louisiana's Governor John J. McKeithen was offering his encouragement.

What accounted for this unlikely gathering of forces? Had Humphrey, during his obscure years as Vice President, sold out in a dozen different directions at once? Understandably, the Vice President's opponents charged the worst—but many bemused observers suspected it too.

Southern Hospitality

Most inscrutable was the development of what the papers have been calling Humphrey's "Southern strategy." In the past few years the noises from Southern white Democracy have been exceedingly friendly to Humphrey, and only a year ago he was imprudent enough to be photographed arm in arm with Georgia's ineffable Governor Lester Maddox. For this reason, there were plenty of suspicious reporters aboard when the Vice President's plane landed recently in Oxford, Mississippi, where two thousand people had turned out at 11 P.M. to greet him.

However, neither he nor they provided easy answers to the newsmen's questions. For one thing, Humphrey seemed to become more militant the deeper into the South he got ("I stand as I always did for equal rights and equal opportunity. And that means an *integrated delegation from Mississippi.*") Again, the crowds assembled to cheer such remarks were in themselves a bafflement—Charles Evers and Aaron Henry of the Mississippi NAACP, the party leadership of notorious Sunflower County, the lieutenant governor of the state. Moreover, questions put directly to individuals in the welcoming throng only

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reinforced the confusion. Several students told me, for instance, that they were there to hear what Humphrey had to say before making up their minds between him and George Wallace. A group of sorority girls offered an even more novel explanation, based on the special arrangements that had been required for a night-time landing on Oxford's tiny airstrip. "A lot of people came out," their leader told me politely, while her pretty companions nodded in agreement, "because they thought y'alls' plane might crash."

One less gruesome theme did run through the visit, however. It underlay the wonder expressed by black and white participants alike that the following morning's meeting should be held at all and that a Vice President would come to Mississippi after "lo, these many years"—as the presiding clergyman put it in passing on the news to the Lord. It was a half-hopeful, half-defensive desire not to be drummed out of the corps. Many Mississippians claimed that day that they wanted to "prove" to Humphrey and his journalistic entourage that Mississippians were not the monsters of Northern supposition, making mildly belligerent reference to the fact that Humphrey was "their" Vice President too. However thinspread or tenuous this anti-secessionist sentiment may be, there is economic and political logic to it—largely as a result of the passage of legislation which Humphrey has been promoting for twenty years.

SINCE HE became Vice President, Humphrey has been cultivating this line of thought wherever he can find it, encouraging those local officials who understand the cost and the futility of defiance, supporting the more nationally-minded among them, and leaning on the others when he can. The Mississippi meeting, for example, had its origin several months ago when three prominent white Democrats from the state—Oscar Carr, a banker, Owen Cooper, a businessman, and Hodding Carter III, the editor—visited Humphrey in Washington and asked him to serve as the focal point of their effort to strengthen those elements of the party which rejected the counsel of Wallace.

As they knew, Humphrey had already been discreetly intervening in Mississippi affairs, working at one end with Evers and Henry and at the other with the national party machinery, to ensure that there would be real, as distinct from apparent, Negro representation on the delegation sent to Chicago this year. Thus, Evers, Henry, and others joined in the planning and a Vice Presidential visit was arranged, with tickets for the breakfast being carefully apportioned—so many to the NAACP, the AFL-CIO, the Young Democrats, and so on. The well advertised, unusual event proved magnetic, as was demonstrated by the surprise arrival of the contingent from Sunflower County. Evidently

unable to resist all the excitement, they turned up in Oxford Wednesday, moved into a local hostelry, and immediately set up a "Sunflower County Hospitality Center" with plenty of whiskey to deaden the pain.

This pushing and prodding has characterized Humphrey's other dealings with the South. Essentially his message has been of the *mene tekel upharsin* variety, only courteously put and carefully explained in terms of the South's own self-interest. Four years ago, for instance, Governor McKeithen declined to attend the Democratic convention, and he tried to keep Humphrey from campaigning in his state. McKeithen's friendship with the Vice President dates from Humphrey's quiet and successful mediation of the violent racial dispute which had turned Bogalusa, Louisiana, into two armed camps. At the request of the state's AFL-CIO director, Victor Bussie, Humphrey moved in on the deadlocked conflict and helped arrange an agreement for new hiring and employment practices which was acceptable to the CORE-led Negro community and which—by then—Louisiana officialdom was only too happy to have.

Again, Humphrey's mission to Lester Maddox, which accomplished its purpose of detaching Maddox from plans George Wallace had for announcing their joint defiance of a court order on the schools three days later, was lost sight of altogether in the anguish caused by the photograph immortalizing their encounter. When a sorrowful aide asked Humphrey the next day if he had *had* to lock arms with the Governor of Georgia, Humphrey denied that he had done so. "Mr. Vice President, you did," the aide insisted.

"I did like hell," said Humphrey, who was then presented with the evidence. "Well," he said, "I guess I did."

Humphrey is aware that however all this may look from the North, he is uniquely well qualified for the nosy, pressuring, peacemaking role he has undertaken. He has both a personal stake in seeing the newly enacted statutes work and personal credit with both sides that he is willing to expend for the purpose. To some extent, Humphrey gained the confidence and respect of the Southern governors in the course of running an informal commission on the textile industry's problems in recent years, but his entree to them was provided by his colleagues in the Senate. Oddly enough—though hardly odd at all by Senate custom—those friendships blossomed while Humphrey was serving as steward of the 1963-1964 legis-

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lation which broke the power of the Southerners on the Hill. Humphrey demonstrated during the prolonged struggle that he had achieved what are considered the supreme virtues by the Senate hierarchy: he could be tough and crafty without being vindictive or mean.

On the other side, Humphrey had long enjoyed the confidence of civil-rights leaders, with whom he has kept in communication. There is mixed contempt and astonishment in Humphrey's reaction to suggestions that somehow he has sold the Negroes out—or is about to. He was fighting this fight, he declared a while back, while others he could think of were "still practicing for touch football." (In private conversation he uses a somewhat coarser example of infant behavior.) Twenty years ago, Humphrey's assistants add, the Vice President hired one of the first Negroes ever to serve as a professional Senate staff member; he initiated in 1950 legislation that took nearly two decades to become civil-rights law; and he was more than a little active in formulating and propelling through Congress the bills sent down by the Johnson administration.

When they are not replying to what they regard as outrageous charges, Humphrey's people do not sound nearly so defensive or self-righteous on the subject. Indeed, so thoroughly is the commitment assumed and so at home are they with it that they exude a certain easy-going, self-mocking, "doesn't everyone?" approach. "Some of you may not have noticed," Humphrey's abundantly black young assistant, Ofield Dukes, began a recent peptalk to a roomful of campaign workers, "that I'm part Negro."

THE Humphrey who can himself be variously rough, brave, funny, and tersely to the point may be the one who attracts the support of those who have dealt with him, but he remains a stranger to much of the public—through no fault of their own. Probably Humphrey has inspired more boring and misfocused journalism than anyone else in public life. On the one hand there are the soda-water profiles of "bubbly," "effervescent" Hubert Humphrey. On the other, there are the forays of the glossy Left writers, who come down for a watchful day-in-the-life-of story and report back to their readers how irredeemably *kitsch* it all was. However, the fault is far from being entirely that of the journalists.

Humphrey makes himself hard to capture. His public style is anything but stylish and becomes even less so at each remove—psychic, electronic, or otherwise—from direct encounter. He is extremely good with the students or on the hustings, but he translates badly into cold print and has no feel at all for an audience he cannot see. Other candidates ride to the studio continuing their education by flipcard in the back seat and being tutored by bright assistants on what they should say. But not Hubert Humphrey, as Barry Goldwater might put it. Humphrey's assistants spend the time trying to extract blood oaths that the Vice President will stick to the text, or keep the answers short, or avoid the hyperbole, or refrain from discoursing on too many subjects on which (to their regret) he needs no briefing whatever—just an opportunity. They have mixed success. The commonest introduction to a news story on a Vice Presidential gaffe is: "In a departure from his text. . . ." And the locus of interest—the self, really—of Humphrey becomes harder and harder to find, let alone to respond to, when the subject matter multiplies and the rhetoric overwhelms.

That this is a matter of style in its surface sense, and not one of substance, seems plain. Consider one recent departure from a Humphrey text, the line about the "politics of happiness," which he tossed into his declaration of candidacy and which has been received as evidence of a giddy disregard for the nation's ills. It was an extemporaneous and disastrously shorthanded reference to a quotation that has been attributed to both John Adams and John Quincy Adams, which Humphrey and Senator McCarthy have been using for years. Senator McCarthy, as a matter of fact, was giving it a whirl before a university audience in Cleveland only five days before. But on him, as the saying goes, it looked good: "I think the same spirit is with us today in 1968—a new manifestation of the old spirit of public happiness, a willingness, a delight, a satisfaction in taking on public and political responsibility."

The point is that Humphrey, in his lapses, can make anything sound corny and platitudinous—whether it is or not—just as his principal opponent has imparted an air of intellectual sophistication to what is, after all, essentially a political den-mother's message: "I don't say we can solve all our problems, but I think we can make a start. I think we can do better." To judge how profoundly the medium has become the message in these affairs, it is only necessary to consider what the fashion writers of the New Politics would have said about Hubert Humphrey had he taken his campaign to the people in the company of those twin American middle-class household gods, an astronaut and a cocker spaniel.

The Whip in Battle

Humphrey's genuine style—his style of practicing politics—was most visible during his years as Majority Whip in the Senate, and it defies both the old image of Humphrey as a too-nice guy to finish first and the new image of a sort of national backroom thug in the thrall of labor czars and party bosses. He is not, on the first count, a self-effacing or reticent man in the ordinary meaning of those terms. Humphrey has the robust ego required for Presidential politics and also the disposition for combat. What is peculiar to his style is the manner in which he has disciplined both, and it stands in curious contrast to his seeming indiscipline as a voluble and sometimes impulsive public speaker.

This discipline goes a way to explaining Humphrey's comeback to the national scene from his 1960 humiliation in West Virginia. In the anthropology of politics he is Grudgeless Man. Perhaps to a greater degree than any of his colleagues, he has managed to depersonalize his large ambition and to identify himself and it with the achievement of purposes he approves. The men most responsible for his drubbing in 1960—Lawrence F. O'Brien in particular—became Humphrey's

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greatest fans within the Kennedy administration in consequence of the way in which he heaved himself into the fight to pass their programs on the Hill and became their principal agent in the Senate. Nor did he ever let his recollections get in the way of his loyalty to the Kennedys themselves as Democrats. Humphrey stepped into the crossfire a few years ago and tried to fish Senator Edward M. Kennedy out of the mess that had been created by his sponsorship of Francis X. Morrissey for the Federal bench. And when Robert F. Kennedy's campaign for the Senate seemed somewhat a-droop in the early fall of 1964, Humphrey offered his tub-thumping services, which were accepted. He socked it to them for Kennedy in the heart of the garment district, where Humphrey's credit is better than Bergdorf Goodman's.

In his capacity as Senate Whip, Humphrey had plenty of opportunity to develop not just his skills but also his virtues. The place was a gluepot of sensitivities. Humphrey and Mike Mansfield are congenial, though not a lot more than that, and Humphrey carried much of their burden, at the same time taking care not to tromp on Mansfield's authority or feelings. The Southerners, many of whom Humphrey liked personally and whose help was requisite on many matters, had to be propitiated for the first six months of 1964 while their flagship, as it were, was going down. And finally there was Everett M. Dirksen, dealing with whom is a complex art indeed. For the many months the civil-rights bill took in passage, Humphrey yielded up every scrap of honor and glory he rightly could have claimed for his own and draped it about the Minority Leader's tousled head with a view to getting and keeping his help on cloture.

During those years, Humphrey led the battle for measures he had been at work on and introducing before anyone else, from the establishment of the Peace Corps to the ratification of the Test Ban Treaty, and he seemed wholly unconcerned when they came into public view under the heading of administration achievements. For him, this was not the ultimate discipline. The harder test was publicly submitting, as an administration spokesman in Congress, to what he considered the Kennedy administration's reluctance to fight for its program and its penchant for "compromising too much and sticking too close to the Southern Democrats." The phrase is not Humphrey's, but rather is a description of his views offered by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., in *A Thousand Days,* and as such is not without its relevance to the present topsy-turvy debate. Schlesinger went on: "Humphrey was our most effective liberal in Congress; after one bitter debate he said wearily to me, 'It's hard for us down here to keep on defending the things we think the

White House believes in, when the White House seems to spend its time saying nice things about the other side.' "

The View from Second Place

In the life of a questing politician, it is of course one thing to have survived the shattering of a Presidential candidacy or a trying time of Senate leadership, but quite another to have survived the Vice Presidency of the United States. President Johnson, in August of 1964, told reporters what he had in mind for Hubert Humphrey's chores, and they went like this: the Vice President was to "supervise" the administration's policies on "space, disarmament, the anti-poverty program, health, education, and welfare, and other fields within Mr. Humphrey's special competence," and he was also to assume a great deal of "responsibility" in the area of foreign affairs. Needless to say, almost none of this came to pass.

One unanticipated role which Humphrey assuredly played, however, was that of intelligence gatherer, persuader, and head-knocker on the Hill—especially in the first year of the Johnson-Humphrey administration, but also afterward. From time to time, when some Southerner whom Dirksen knew to be friendly would not show up for a critical vote or when the labor union pressure on one of his putative allies would suddenly become irresistibly intense, Dirksen would have no doubt who had been at work. "I told the President," he complained with unaccustomed sourness one day, when his Constitutional amendment reversing the Supreme Court's reapportionment decisions unexpectedly got locked up in committee, "that he had given me his word the administration was staying out of this one and he damned well better tell Hubert to lay off."

So far as Humphrey's "supervisory" duties and his "responsibility" at the other end of town were concerned, there were overriding institutional and personal reasons why they could not materialize. The Vice Presidency is eminently unsuited for overseeing the work of the agencies or resolving the constant disputes among them. It has no separate executive power, no accountability, and little staff, and the rulings of its holder only have meaning as they reflect the President's own views. Otherwise, they are subject to instant and mortifying repeal by the lowliest member of the White House staff. Humphrey tangled unsuccessfully with this problem when the President suggested he take responsibility for bringing order to the interagency chaos on the question of enforcing the Civil Rights Act. The co-ordinating group the Vice President's office set up had no heft in government and was abolished.

There were also the vagaries of the Johnson-Humphrey relationship. Humphrey at the outset determined to abide strictly by his own dictum that there were to be no separate Humphrey "people . . . pol-

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icies . . . or programs" surfacing in the Johnson administration. Thus he confined his views on what was going on to his private discourse with the President, and his tracks are hard to find on many matters. Visibly, however, he did seem to move in and out of the Presidential favor and confidence during his time in office. This was especially true in the outward-bound sense, when Humphrey unwittingly called for some programs in excess of the President's plans, or when he and his minions would be accused with more or less justice of news leaks.

THE IN AND/OR OUTNESS of Humphrey bears heavily on the question of his foreign policy role in the past three years. He received daily intelligence briefings, but according to those familiar with these matters, he was not brought into many important meetings during his first year in office, and thereafter his involvement was periodic. At the end of a year, the President did begin employing Humphrey in traditionally Vice-Presidential missionary diplomacy. It is a highly accident-prone form of the art and Humphrey had a few accidents. This was particularly true on a nine-nation Asian tour thrown together at the last minute in 1966, when Humphrey was dispatched with almost no briefing on a "fact-finding" and reassurance tour. Caught unawares in an ongoing conflict between the Thais, the Pentagon, and the State Department, Humphrey was snookered into signing a communiqué that came down on one side of the argument. Reportedly, over the years, he was at the same time skillful in private talks—with Premier Kosygin at Prime Minister Shastri's funeral, for instance, and with the Italians and the Germans on a European trip last year.

A reporter who seeks to unearth what counsel the Vice President gave on Vietnam inside the government necessarily ends up with small pickings. That is because of the privacy of Humphrey's communications with the President and the fact that he will not discuss any particular disagreements he might have had. The most that can be said with confidence is that in his periods of involvement Humphrey was an early advocate of more heavily arming the South Vietnamese forces and increasing their participation in the action, and that he did some pushing on the question of holding elections and establishing a legitimate civil government. He also had some truck with university scientists who interested him in the possibility of the so-called "electronic barrier" between North and South as a means of curbing infiltration and conceivably reducing the bombing. "I feel I have played the role that a Vice President ought to play," Humphrey told James Reston on a television interview, "one of an adviser when asked, and also one of a loyal supporter when the decision is made."

"What about the question of bombing beyond the 17th parallel," Reston pursued, "—what position did you take on that . . .?"

"I supported that decision, sir."

Whether or not the Vice President intended to make a distinction between advice and consent in his reply, those critics who characterize Humphrey as a foreign policy turncoat, as a sort of Staughton Lynd gone underground, are quite wrong. What is abundantly clear, however, is that Humphrey was less sanguine and certain of the progress or efficacy of much of the effort than he managed to sound in public. In 1966, as the criticism began really to heat up, Humphrey was deliberately sent forth as a liberal-in-good-standing to proselytize his friends. His characteristic rhetorical flourishes enraged them, and their excesses and oversimplifications enraged him equally. "The Vietcong," he said, "is not an Asian version of the ADA." The result of all this was not that Humphrey won back the war critics, but rather that he lost many of them.

It was the one genuine, though probably inevitable, failure of the role Humphrey finally fashioned for himself in the administration. Just as the function of arbitration within government was destined to flop, so Humphrey's assumption of duties as a go-between, an ambassador to and from government, proved enormously successful. He was freer to speak for the White House to Lester Maddox than he was to a cabinet member, and he was better equipped to resolve a dispute in Bogalusa than a dispute on the same subject among Federal agencies. Civil rights was far from the only area in which he operated this way. Humphrey took much responsibility for representing the views (mostly anguished) of outlying Democrats to Washington, and more important, he became with the Presidential blessing the official unofficial spokesman to and from the nation's mayors. He was especially good at unraveling their problems with the burgeoning bureaucracy in Washington devoted to urban affairs, and in the past couple of years he has managed to visit about six hundred communities, including the fifty or sixty largest metropolitan areas in the country, where he spent time with civic, governmental, and political leaders. In this, Humphrey was not unaware of the election benefits that could accrue. In fact, he had long since decided that the major burden for campaigning for the Presidency this fall would be his, and he had developed a fairly efficient format for his travels by way of his urban project. He did not know, however, that the potential benefits would be his, or that he would be campaigning for himself.

In His Own Image

This time around, Humphrey has the money to run and the makings of a first-class organization. Fund raising has been entrusted to Richard Maguire, former treasurer of the Democratic National Committee, inventor of the President's Club, and a lapsed communicant of the Kennedy "Irish Mafia." Besides the largesse of some key members of the New York financial community, Humphrey also has at his disposal the very considerable resources of COPE—its money, influence, and network of local organizations. His national campaign is under the joint direction of Senators Fred Harris and Walter F. Mondale (D., Minnesota). "This campaign represents age and youth at the same time," Mondale told the audience gathered to hear Humphrey's declaration of candidacy. "I'm forty and Fred's thirty-seven."

Mondale and Harris are responsible for working out harmonious relations among the main elements

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of Humphrey's campaign: his far-flung official supporters—mayors, governors, and so on; his Vice-Presidential staff; his confidants in and out of government, such as George Ball, Willard Wirtz, and James H. Rowe, Jr.; and his long-time Minnesota inner circle—Orville Freeman, Walter Heller, National Committeewoman Geri Joseph, and others.

Historically, Senator McCarthy has been part of this Minnesota group but also somewhat apart from it, with a separate political and financial base at home. It is difficult to foresee how either man might behave should the nomination come down to a contest between them. The Humphrey-McCarthy relationship itself can be characterized as that of old friends who have always been wholly unlike temperamentally, and who have continued to appreciate each other despite the strains of past competition and present conflict. They still deal directly with each other, taking their verbal swats in person if need be, and it is certain that McCarthy does not harbor the bitterness toward Humphrey that he has been expressing toward Robert Kennedy.

So far, the Mondale-Harris struggle with Kennedy for delegate souls appears to have been not only well greased but well run. The night of Senator Kennedy's visit to Detroit, for instance, Humphrey had bought half an hour of prime television time in the area for a show about his own visit there the previous day, and his representatives have been rounding up impressive commitments in states all over the country.

HUMPHREY'S CANDIDACY, of course, is more vulnerable to events than that of his opponents. And he will have the classic problem of a Vice-Presidential contender for the Presidency, namely, establishing that he is "his own man." The advertising and public-relations people he has retained will also have their problems, since Humphrey has a notoriously short temper and attention span when people try to discuss with him the art of changing his image. He believes that he in fact *is* his own man—and this time he seems to think that he can, should, and actually might win.

Adam Clayton Powell's Last Stand

PAUL DUKE

A RUMOR spread through the House of Representatives recently that Adam Clayton Powell was on his way to the Capitol to make a new fight for his old seat. The rumor was unfounded. Powell not only has gone more than a year without filing another petition to be seated but he has given up all hope of returning to Congress before 1969.

It is a recognition of reality. The hostility in the House toward the Harlem Democrat has not abated, and Democratic leaders acknowledge he would lose in any new showdown on the floor this session. Thus, Powell has never shown up to present his certificate of victory in a special election that took place in April, 1967, after the House twice refused to let him serve as Representative for New York's 18th District. At that time, Powell and his defenders had considerable hope that the House eventually would back down and permit him to be seated at some point during the Ninetieth Congress.

The legal efforts to reverse the House stand have been equally unavailing. Even though many legal scholars believe that the House violated the spirit if not the letter of the Constitution in barring Powell, the courts have shown no inclination to intervene. A petition that the House be ordered to seat Powell because he had met the basic Constitutional requirements for Congressional membership was rejected by a Federal District Court last year. A three-judge Federal Court of Appeals unanimously upheld the ruling last February 27. In both instances, the judiciary made it clear it was reluctant to rule on an internal action by a co-ordinate branch of government and was dubious of its authority in such matters.

The legal approach has been hampered by a lack of historical guidelines. Judges have tended over the years to take the broad view when considering challenges to Congressional authority, and Powell's suit was the first to challenge directly the power of the legislators to go beyond the enumerated qualifications of age, residency, and citizenship in determining membership.

Powell Penitent

One acknowledged difficulty is enforcement of judicial decrees and the fear that they might not be obeyed. By tradition and temperament, Congress is not conditioned to take orders, and House Republican Leader Gerald Ford expressed the view of many members when he pointedly remarked that no court in the land could compel the chamber to seat Powell. Indeed, the Federal jurists seemed to recognize this mood in Congress when they implied that any wrong done to Powell would not outweigh potential damage to the system of divided powers if the House were ordered to permit seating. This tolerant view was best summarized by Judge Warren E. Burger when he observed: "That each branch may thus occasionally make errors for which there is no effective remedy is one of the prices we pay for this independence, this separateness, of each co-equal branch and for the desired supremacy of each within its sphere. . . ."

As a result, the case has not produced the historic confrontation between court and Congress that some had predicted. It was not, in fact, until the final day for filing, May 28, that the case was taken to the Supreme Court. Having been twice rebuffed at the lower levels and already burdened with enormous legal expenses, Powell had hesitated to seek the final judgment.

Instead, he has turned his attention to winning over his former colleagues when the Ninety-first Congress convenes next January. To this end, Powell has lately been taking a less bellicose line toward his exile. He now proclaims a will-

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ingness to return as "low man on the totem pole"—a surprising comedown from previous assertions that he would never "subject myself to becoming a freshman after twenty-two years of service." Similarly, he no longer indulges in boastful illusions about regaining the chairmanship of the House Education and Labor Committee. If nothing else, these changes represent a bow toward those more self-righteous Representatives who have specified a spirit of penitence as the principal price of readmission.

Powell also may be helped by his recent return to New York to clear up a criminal-contempt citation growing out of his eight-year legal battle with Mrs. Esther James, the Harlem widow he defamed by calling "a bag woman," or graft collector, for the police. He has finished paying a $56,000 judgment to Mrs. James in a case that has been taken under consideration by eighty judges, ten courts, and four juries—all after Powell declined to pacify Mrs. James by giving her an apology. Just as his long evasion of legal responsibility contributed to his downfall in Congress, a final adjudication in coming months could reduce the opposition to seating him.

It is worth noting that Powell has incorporated into his standard fare frequent references to the condemnation of white racism contained in the report of the President's Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders. He also reminds audiences that Senator Thomas J. Dodd of Connecticut got off lightly in his brush with Senate ethics, arguing that the handling of the two cases underscored "the obscene distinction between justice for white men and justice for black men."

IT IS LIKELY that events between now and January rather than a softening of House attitudes will determine Powell's fate. His immediate hurdle is a Democratic primary contest June 18, but this hardly seems any more formidable than the other races he has run since he first was elected to Congress in 1944. There are two primary foes, one of them John H. Young, a former friend who now ridicules Powell as "a dictator deluded by the thought that he is God." The other challenger is James Meredith, who unexpectedly entered and just as unexpectedly withdrew a week later as the Republican candidate in last year's special election, and who now is running as an independent Democrat. Once past the primary there is the general election and a Republican rival, the Reverend Wyatt T. Walker, another disillusioned colleague who once was an assistant pastor at Powell's Abyssinian Baptist Church.

While these challenges are not regarded as a serious threat to Powell, they do suggest that his sway over the Harlem constituency is not as absolute as it once was. Powell's sudden reappearance in late March after a sixteen-month absence was a tacit admission that rising Adam-come-home chants had finally reached the shores of Bimini and could no longer be disregarded.

Friends long had urged him to come home to face the music, but the more persuasive consideration undoubtedly was the shocking revelation that a political rebellion was brewing—one that might just possibly succeed. In unmistakable language several loyal supporters let it be known they were tired of putting up with his pursuit of pleasure while Harlem went unrepresented in Washington. "A lot of people began thinking Adam was taking a Harlem-be-damned attitude and maybe the time had come to elect someone else," one local Democratic official noted.

Thus forewarned, Powell has been forced to campaign for re-election. He is resurrecting all the old diatribes while at the same time joining the swing to militancy. "I don't call for violence or riots, but the day of Martin Luther King has come to an end!" he shouted in his return speech on March 23—twelve days before King was slain. The embrace of Powell by several militants who had criticized him for staying away indicated that the old magic still could work on occasion.

But re-election will not assure reseating. If, for example, the Republicans gain a substantial number of House seats in November on a backlash of law-and-order demands, Congress could take a sharp turn toward conservatism. Such a Congress might be disinclined to show much charity for a man who has spent a lifetime flouting conventional rules.

Above all, Powell's chances could be doomed by an indictment by a Federal grand jury that has been looking into his financial affairs since last summer. The jury has gone deeply into the morass, checking into areas suggested by the special nine-man House committee which found in February, 1967, that Powell had "wrongfully and willfully" used public funds. Some Congressmen, who felt the Justice Department moved with much too deliberate ease in beginning the review, have not tried to hide their expectation that an indictment will be forthcoming.

Impotence and Irrelevance

Regardless of what happens on the Congressional front, Powell today seems an anachronism. One tipoff was his much-heralded speechmaking trip to California campuses last January. The crowds were big, but the bemused response of the students showed they viewed the sixty-year-old Powell primarily as a relic of

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the past whose fulminations, while entertaining, were outdated. Powell's response was to call off the tour.

The increasingly volatile nature of the civil-rights movement has steadily pushed him into the rear ranks of Negro leadership. Even though he bills himself as the father of black power, his name drew boos at last July's black-power conference in Newark. Without power and without portfolio he hardly is an inspiration to the younger generation of zealots, especially since he has chosen to remain away from the scenes of battle. One young leader reflected the attitude of many when he said, "Adam just doesn't matter anymore."

The ferment has prompted Powell to react in typical fashion by attempting to appear in the mainstream of the rebellion. Speaking at Florida A. & M. University a few weeks ago, he called for "immediate and total withdrawal of all troops from Vietnam." His willingness to join the Poor People's March on Washington was further recognition that action is the byword of the day.

Powell's declining health—he has been hospitalized for exhaustion several times in recent months—shows he may not be able to catch up with the times even by trying. It all may be academic anyway. Among others, the *Amsterdam News*, Harlem's most influential newspaper and long his champion, has turned against Powell with the suggestion that his role has outlived its usefulness. Even his last bastion of supremacy, the ministry of the Abyssinian Baptist Church and its thirteen thousand members, is under attack from parishioners who viewed with disfavor his associations with the activist Charles Kenyatta's self-styled Mau Mau group.

IT IS CERTAIN that Powell never again will possess the power and influence he once had, even if he does make it back to Congress. The final days can only be a charade marked by remembrances of things past. But the old arrogance is too firmly rooted to permit change if change were possible. As one old friend put it: "Nothing will ever faze Adam. He'll always believe he's the greatest man alive."

Gray Day In Maryland

IAN KERRISON

BALTIMORE

A SELF-STYLED "America in Miniature," Maryland is a border state with a proud past, a rapid metropolitan growth rate, and political tensions which usually add up to ambivalence. Since the Free State's famous sons and daughters include Francis Scott Key, Roger B. Taney, Barbara Fritchie, H. L. Mencken, Thurgood Marshall, and George ("Your Home Is Your Castle") Mahoney, pundits for years have been able to interpret trends in Maryland as nationally significant, but unclear.

Yet even the most sanguine were surprised in mid-May when, in a repudiation of virtually the state's entire civic and political leadership, the voters of Maryland emphatically rejected a proposed state constitution that had been hailed as a model of governmental reform.

The charter offered to the people on May 14 was designed to replace the state constitution adopted in 1867 and amended 203 times since. Under the 101-year-old document, the state's executive branch was fragmented, its judicial system was scrambled, its legislature was inefficient, and its counties were held in tight state control, with the General Assembly devoting considerable time to local bills.

The movement for constitutional reform, spurred by impending reapportionment, prompted the conservative then governor, J. Millard Tawes, to name a nonpartisan study commission in 1965. The panel, chaired by Baltimore lawyer H. Vernon Eney, prepared a thick report recommending extensive changes in all branches of state government. After overwhelming passage of a referendum question calling a convention, delegates were chosen in June, 1967, and the constitutional convention ("Con-Con") convened last September in Annapolis.

Unlike constitutional-reform drives in other states, notably New York, the Maryland movement was nonpartisan. Relatively few elected officials were among the 142 Con-Con delegates, most of whom were civic, legal, and professional leaders chosen for their knowledge rather than for party affiliation. In organizing the convention, Eney, who was chosen president, even sought to avoid sectional conflicts by seating the delegates alphabetically rather than by counties.

All in Favor. . . .

The charter that emerged after intense and high-minded debate proposed a unified state court system, a streamlined executive branch, a legislature focused on statewide questions, and mandatory county home rule. The voting age was to be dropped from twenty-one to nineteen. This long step toward twentieth-century government was approved on the final vote by 133 of the delegates and was signed by all except two (one who was fatally ill and one who had a broken hand).

The drive for ratification was directed by an impressive statewide committee headed by Governor Spiro T. Agnew, former Governors Tawes and Theodore McKeldin, both the United States Senators, seven of the state's eight Representatives, and leaders of the business, legal, and professional communities. In a scene unprecedented in faction-ridden Maryland, Agnew and the leaders of the state's judiciary and General Assembly held a joint press conference to emphasize their united support for the charter.

In contrast to the prestigious support for reform, the organized opposition seemed fragmented and poorly financed. In the state's rural areas, the constitution was fought by the county clerks, sheriffs, and court officers whose positions, secure under the 1867 charter, were not mentioned in the new. A second alliance of opponents, focused in the

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Baltimore suburbs, asserted that the new charter would cost up to $153 million, would destroy county government, and would make the governor a dictator.

The main worry of pro-constitution groups was a light vote. Eney, for example, predicted that the document would be approved if the turnout exceeded twenty-five per cent.

. . . . Except the People

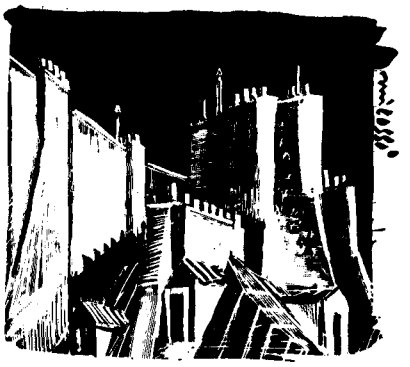
May 14 was not rainy, as the proponents had feared, but it was gray. Yet the statewide turnout, approaching fifty per cent of Maryland's 1.4 million registered voters, was perhaps as startling as the margin of defeat. With a statewide negative vote exceeding fifty-six per cent, the proposed constitution was rejected in Baltimore City and twenty-one of the state's twenty-three counties. It passed only in the generally mugwump, if not always liberal, Washington suburbs.

Clearly the Maryland vote could not be attributed solely to the influence of "courthouse gangs," to the energies of the organized opposition, or even entirely to the merits of the question on the ballot. Groping for explanations, many of the charter's disappointed advocates cited fear of higher taxes, a lack of comprehension of the proposal, and a general apprehension of change fed by the recent disorders in Baltimore and Washington.

The massed leadership of a state has seldom been so thoroughly slapped down at the polls, even in Maryland, which has a history of yahoo votes in times of stress. The large turnout suggests that Marylanders were eager to vote "No" on the general conduct of public affairs rather than on the constitutional reform.

The Maryland vote was a severe setback to the cause of state governmental reform, already ailing from defeats in New York, Kentucky, and Rhode Island. It also raised questions about the wisdom of entrusting changes in forms of popular government to the people. The proponents of reason and progress this year are now left wondering whether Maryland is simply one small and uniquely nervous state, or really America in miniature.

AT HOME & ABROAD



The Nihilist Revolution In France

EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS

REGARDLESS of how or when it finally ends, the French Revolution of 1968 already offers a number of long-range lessons. Some merely confirm or emphasize what has long been known. It should surprise no student of modern French history, for example, to discover that contempt for mere law and order as distinguished from the pursuit of absolute justice or freedom in the abstract is still a national trait—or curse. Similarly, no observer of New Left student politics in the United States will be startled to hear that in the libertarian "student communes" of France, where it is "forbidden to forbid," it is also forbidden for the time being to hold the free elections reportedly desired by the majority of their members, since the activists who presently control them have learned from the philosopher Herbert Marcuse that such majorities are everywhere conservative. Other lessons of the crisis, however, especially those relating to the revolutionary struggle throughout the world, are both less familiar and of more direct concern to the United States.

From the strategic point of view, what has been happening in France since the student revolt broke into the news at the beginning of May is a great deal more complex than the crumbling of a political régime, whose "mandate of heaven" seems to have run out, and the simultaneous eruption of an alienated youthful intelligentsia. As General André Beauffre recently pointed out in *Le Figaro,* France is not confronted with a classic conflict of opposites—Right vs. Left or government vs. opposition—but with a triangular one in which two international revolutionary powers, Soviet and Chinese Communism, are contesting for paramountcy on its soil. General Beauffre unfortunately neglects to mention one of the most significant elements in the situation—that the third party in the conflict, the Gaullist régime, is particularly vulnerable because it has virtually isolated itself from its natural allies in order to flirt with its two rival enemies and try to play one against the other. However, the rest of his analysis is valid.

IT SEEMS increasingly well established that the dominant external political influence, not only in the student movement here but in the extremist revolutionary movement generally, is Peking, and observers are amazed by the disclosure of its hitherto unsuspected strength. Other influences—from Marcuse, Guevara, and Trotsky—may seem more important at the ideological level, but

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with few exceptions it is the French Maoists who have been supplying the revolutionary leadership.

One of the things that for some time confused the revolutionary picture here is that the Maoists have imitated the Trotskyite tactic of infiltrating other revolutionary groups —apparently including the Trotskyites—and of creating splinter organizations that adopt the Marcusist or Guevarist jargon popular among French youth today. The Maoists are making particular headway in organizing high-school students—the basic cultural revolutionary principle of constantly contesting everything, including everyone else's contestation, has an obvious appeal to them—but their success has also been considerable among the elite of the French university world and among young factory workers.

The real Maoist organizers and agitators in France are an adult group, though many of them are still technically students. They are professional Marxist-Leninist revolutionaries, and they are seriously trained for their work, if only self-trained.

Premier Georges Pompidou and other government sources here have several times hinted that they have evidence linking the local Maoists with an international conspiratorial organization controlled from Peking. Some organizational links almost certainly exist, and Chinese propaganda throughout the world has been noisily encouraging the revolutionary movement in France, but it is probably misleading to think of the western Maoists as being controlled from Peking. Perhaps as the Cultural Revolution develops throughout the world—and in the present state of traditional culture everywhere it has real possibilities of development—Peking will try to assert a tighter control over the scattered Maoist organizations. For the moment it seems content to offer inspiration, tactical advice, and occasionally a little money.

What has happened in France so far seems to indicate that the growth of Maoism is a threat both to the social status quo in almost any country and to the Moscow-controlled revolutionary establishment that nominally challenges it. What over-all strategic response to the threat Moscow will eventually work out remains to be seen. Since the onset of the present crisis, the French Communists evidently have been torn by their hatred of their revolutionary rivals (Soviet foreign policy has apparently regarded the Gaullist régime as a valuable asset), and the fear of losing ground with workers and students by appearing to take a counter-revolutionary stand. They have vacillated between openly supporting the government and vying with the extremists in trying to overthrow it. Open dissension has been observed at every party level in France up to and including the local Politburo.

The leading French Maoist group, the Union of Marxist-Leninist Youth, which numbered only a few hundred adherents at the beginning of the crisis, within a month was able to call into the streets as many as ten thousand enthusiastic supporters. As was demonstrated in the last week of May, the revolutionary minority as a whole—not counting the Communists—is capable of organizing meetings or controlled street demonstrations running into five figures in almost any large city and up to fifty thousand or more in Paris. The negative reaction of the striking masses in French factories to the accords negotiated between the government and the top level of national union officials strongly suggests that hundreds of thousands of young workers are at least potentially responsive to ultra-revolutionary leadership.

The Gloomy Alternatives

What is probably graver is that the mass of French workers, who share none of the students' contempt for "the system" and only want a larger share of its material benefits, have now had their expectations of an instant new deal raised so high that the French economy cannot possibly satisfy them in their entirety. The outlook is thus for serious inflation and continuing labor unrest, each tending to aggravate the other.

The political situation is extremely unpredictable, unless de Gaulle once more succeeds in saving France from the brink. If it has gone too far, if he does not reassert himself as France's supreme leader, it is difficult to see how any coalition of party leaders can restore order. If the Gaullist régime remains in power only because a majority of the French dread chaos, then there is the danger that precisely in the degree that order seems restored, its popular support will tend to evaporate, bringing back the threat of disorder. Both a more or less disguised Gaullist-Communist national front and a much less disguised popular front under the nominal leadership of François Mitterrand were definite possibilities before May 30, but neither promised much real stability owing to the new strong anti-Communist attitude of the young revolutionaries and the Maoist agitators who frequently manipulate them.

WHAT NEITHER the Communists nor the Gaullists appear to have grasped is that Chinese attacks on the United States as the foremost obstacle to world revolution inevitably strengthen Maoism in France at the expense of both orthodox Communism and the Gaullist régime. The Gaullists—or at least certain Gaullists who often turn out to be special admirers of Mao—have been more incautious than the Communists in tolerating or even encouraging the anti-American agitation in France that has proved an ideal screen for planting the cultural revolution in French soil.

The same issue of *Le Monde* that

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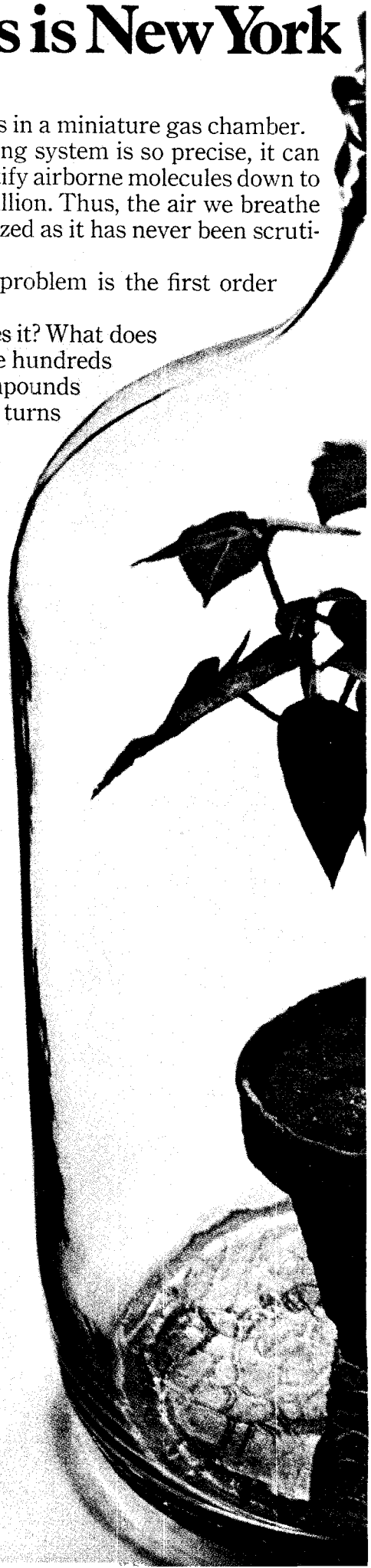

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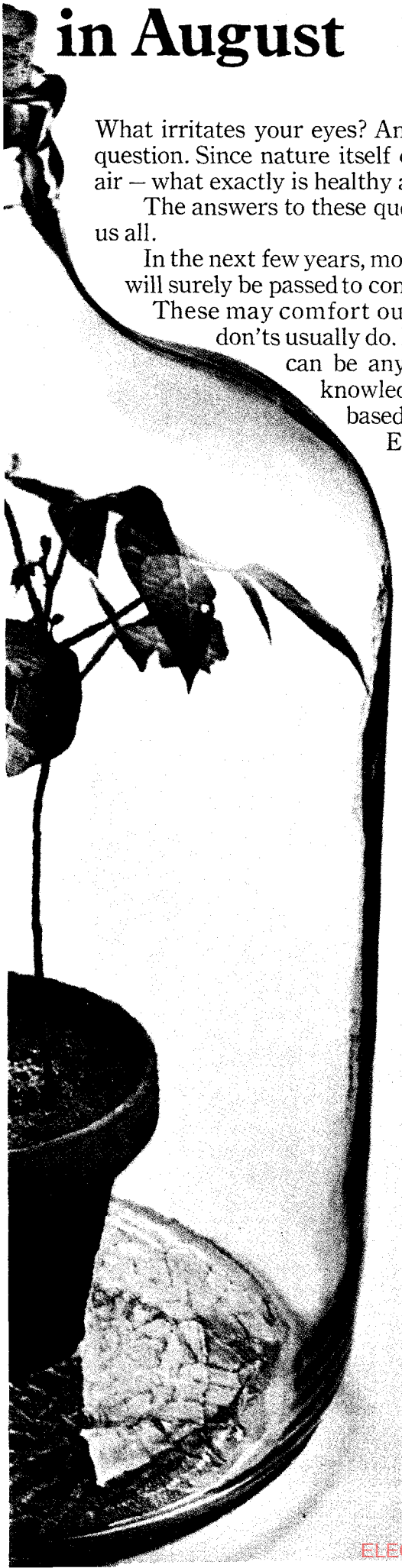

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In the next few years, more and more laws will surely be passed to control air pollution. These may comfort our souls. Do's and don'ts usually do. But no regulation can be any better than the knowledge on which it is based. Jersey's affiliate, Esso Research, is determined to help supply such knowledge.

There is much to be found out. But the air pollution problem will be solved. A recent finding supports our optimism.

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"What would have happened if the sculptor carved off Washington's nose?" he keeps worrying. "Would he have to do a new mountain?"

It's been a year since their visit but Henry Jr. still talks as though he owns Mt. Rushmore. Which, incidentally, he does. So do your kids. That's one of the beauties of being an American.

Thinking of renaming a landmark yourself? Bully for you.

This year, discover America for yourself.

DISCOVER AMERICA

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announced Washington's acceptance of Paris as the site for preliminary negotiating on ending the war in Vietnam also carried an oddly sponsored Gaullist-Leftist manifesto of French intellectuals, politicians, and businessmen calling for European support of resistance to American "hegemony" throughout the world. In keeping with the announced objectives of the group that drafted it (the Committee for the Independence of Europe, which was formed here some ten months ago), the manifesto naturally stressed the gravity of the American threat on this continent, where, it warned, the combined forces of the U.S. government and of American capitalism were using every means, from monetary manipulation to "blackmail and corruption," to subjugate Europe's "economic and political powers of decision." Other fronts in the global struggle against the U.S. "hegemonic enterprise" were by no means neglected, however. "Political and material solidarity with Vietnam and the popular forces in Southeast Asia generally is of capital importance," the statement declared. "The threats that the United States brings to bear against China must be denounced. The independence of Cuba, the liberation of Latin America, and the emancipation of Quebec must be upheld or promoted. Similarly, the struggle being waged by the Negroes of America must arouse a deep and mobilizing echo in Europe."

This passage of the manifesto sounded like a slightly muffled echo of the more explicit call to arms on behalf of black power in the United States uttered a few days earlier by Jean-Paul Sartre, France's most noted intellectual mandarin, at a public meeting held here by the recently organized French "Friends of SNCC." "It is the same aggressor that oppresses thirty million Vietnamese and twenty million blacks in the United States," Sartre declared, adding, according to *Le Monde's* version, that armed struggle is now the only solution to the racial problem in the United States.

THE MANIFESTO of the Committee for European Independence illustrates at least partially the variety and importance of the forces lined up in the hate-America internationale. Its signers range from right-wing Gaullists or conservative nationalists to lifelong fellow travelers and recent Communist dropouts, with a significant number of left-wing Catholics. Among the prominent signers are Catholic novelist François Mauriac, a Nobel Prize winner and the chief intellectual ornament of President de Gaulle's régime; Jean-Marie Domenach, a veteran America-hater and editor of the left-wing Catholic review *l'Esprit;* Emmanuel d'Astier de la Vigérie, publisher of the defunct fellow-traveling Paris daily *Libération* and from time to time an unofficial link between the Kremlin and the entourage of de Gaulle; and Professor René Capitant, a leading left-wing Gaullist who until his resignation last month was chairman of the National Assembly's Legislative Committee. The left-wing Gaullist element seems preponderant.

The manifesto's contents and the names of its sponsors bring out some characteristics of organized anti-Americanism in Europe, and particularly in France. A fairly strong left-wing Gaullist faction, with considerable access to government-controlled mass media and at least intermittent support from more responsible Gaullist elements, has been extending its protection to leftist groups both in France and in a number of other countries, and seeking to lead them in a systematic, co-ordinated, global anti-American campaign. This virtually implies a degree of Gaullist liaison and co-operation with the several Communist régimes. The campaign involves at least verbal encouragement by some Gaullists to subversives in Latin America, Canada, and the United States. It is significant that when a pro-Black Panther and SNCC rally was forbidden by the Paris Prefect of Police, a phone call by a leftist organizer sufficed to have the ban lifted.

Some comparative good may emerge for us from the crisis, although a stable, democratic, western-oriented régime does not seem to be in the cards. As de Gaulle said on May 30, "France is indeed threatened by dictatorship. Some want to force her to resign herself to a power that would impose itself in national despair, a power that would then obviously be mainly that of the conqueror, that is, of totalitarian Communism." But to achieve his aim, he might at his late age have to accept dictatorial power. According to J.-R. Tournoux, he could have done it twice and refused.

When a Gaullist-Communist combination was conceivable, it would probably have represented only a mild intensification of the anti-American stance throughout the world. Perhaps recent events have alerted both the French Communists and Gaullists to the difficulty of encouraging revolutionary agitation against the United States abroad while maintaining the political and social status quo at home. Conceivably even Moscow has got the message.

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By Fernando Krahn

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Belgium: Old Rivals Battle Over Louvain

ALBERT H. BOWMAN

BRUSSELS

FACING the Hall of Justice on Smolders Square near the center of the Belgian university town of Louvain stands a statue of the fourteenth century Flemish folk hero, Pieter Coutereel. It was Coutereel who, leading a crowd of peasants who were demanding liberty and justice in 1360, invaded the early Gothic Hotel de Ville, seized the patrician town councillors, and established a popular régime that lasted twelve years. Looking like a grizzled Robin Hood and holding the torn charter of aristocratic privileges in his gnarled hands, he still glowers across the street at the courthouse. Since mid-January, Coutereel's spirit has been riding again, not just in this ancient town of Flemish Brabant but throughout Belgium.

The latest outbreak of violence in the age-old struggle between the Dutch-speaking Flemings and the French-speaking Walloons followed an announcement on January 14 by the academic council of the French-speaking section of this venerable university that it would maintain and expand instruction in French at Louvain. Demonstrations by crowds of Flemish students began the next day and at week's end almost two thousand Flemish militants marched from a mass meeting at the law faculty through the center of town to the university's administrative center. Singing "We Shall Overcome" in English and shouting "*Walen Buiten*" ("Walloons, get out!"), they demanded that the pro-rector of the Flemish section, Professor De Somer, hear their grievance.

But student demonstrations are a familiar story in Louvain. As soon as the procession was safely in the square, paddy wagons loaded with police and gendarmes sealed it off. Then they disgorged helmeted, baton-wielding troops who converged on the student mass. A score of students were seized and escorted to the trucks, laughing and shouting.

This seemed to be all in good fun, but other student activities, before and after, were not so playful. One group of activists, in the Coutereel tradition, invaded high-ranking university officials' offices, stripped them of furnishings, books, and papers, and carted off the spoils to feed a bonfire at the edge of town. Molotov cocktails were tossed into the fortunately empty corridors of some buildings, fire extinguishers were sprayed in halls and classrooms, and gangs of Flemish students roamed academic halls and disrupted classes being conducted in French.

In the meantime, Flemish student organizations had instituted a boycott of classes, and soon the university's Flemish Professors Association voted to support the students by joining the boycott. Such was the pressure for solidarity that academic functions in the Flemish half of the university came quickly to a virtual standstill. Recognizing this, the Flemish academic council announced a week's suspension of classes, whereupon students and professors decided to continue their strike another week. In all, three weeks of classes were lost through strikes and suspensions.

By the beginning of February, the Louvain question had seized most of Belgium. Sympathy strikes and demonstrations took place in Brussels and in many Flemish cities and towns. The desecration of the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in the capital demonstrated as well as anything that the Louvain crisis was more than the usual student protest. Louvain is in fact the focus of a dispute that has brought to the surface again the deepest cleavage in Belgian society.

The Sore Points

When Paul Vanden Boeynants became Prime Minister in March, 1966, he announced a linguistic truce to last for two years. Behind this were two major efforts to settle the language problem: a series of laws in the 1930's that keyed the use of French and Dutch in Wallonia and Flanders to a decennial census; and laws adopted in 1961, 1962, and 1963 suppressing the census and redrawing the linguistic boundaries. Opposition to the latter measures has been constant on both sides, but the 1963 law on education has caused the greatest dissatisfaction. This requires that all elementary and secondary education be in the language of the linguistic region, except in the Brussels enclave, which is theoretically bilingual and where schooling is offered in both languages.

Flemings are unhappy with the education law on at least two counts: while French is a required second language in Flemish schools, the reciprocal understanding that Dutch should be the second language in Wallonia is widely evaded; and the law does not apply to universities. Actually, except for the Catholic University of Louvain, Belgium's universities do strictly reflect the linguistic division. The heart of the current crisis is the Flemish demand that the law be extended to higher education, which in practice means simply the expulsion of all French instruction from the country's oldest (founded 1425), largest, and most prestigious university. Louvain is private, but the government provides more than ninety per cent of its financial support and pays the salaries of the Catholic bishops of Belgium who constitute the university's "organizing power."

Belgians like to point out that their language problem is difficult for foreigners to understand. Its roots go back perhaps as far as Roman times, and they are complicated by the fact that for centuries the Belgians were pawns in European dynastic and national power conflicts, winning independence only in 1830. But Belgians themselves don't always agree on the character of their problem. Prime Minister Vanden Boeynants recently asserted that it was really economic, but most Flemings flatly insist that it is social. As events have proved, it is also political; and the outsider, seeing the emotions involved on both sides, might well conclude that it is psychological as well.

One hears repeatedly the bitter Flemish complaint against the Wal-

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loons: "They call us peasants!" And "French in the parlor, Flemish in the kitchen" is still a byword. The Walloons are fearful of their increasing minority status and of the fact that Flanders is at last developing industrially while Wallonia stagnates. French traditionally is the language of the educated upper classes, but present demographic trends strongly favor Dutch. The 1961 census gave the Flemish region a population of four and a half million to Wallonia's three million. The remaining one and a half million live in Brussels and are linguistically mixed. More important, for a generation the Walloon proportion of the total population has been declining faster than the Flemish has been increasing.

THE WALLOON ECONOMY, traditionally based on coal mining, is a weak spot in the Common Market. Coal production has dropped forty-five per cent in the last dozen years, and a Common Market economist recently told the Brussels news weekly *Pourquoi Pas?* that "No region in Europe, not even Southern Italy, has so slow a rate of development." Belgian prosperity is concentrated in Brussels and the Flemish commercial centers. Brussels is the seat of the European Communities—the Common Market, Euratom, and the Coal and Steel Community—and it houses the headquarters of many foreign enterprises, including European main offices of some 170 American corporations. The plants directed from these offices are located for the most part in Flanders.

U.S. industry has invested more than three-quarters of a billion dollars in Belgium in the last ten years. Since 1960, eighty-one per cent of all foreign investment in Belgium has gone into Flanders and Brussels and only nineteen per cent to Wallonia, and Flanders' economic growth rate is almost two and a half times that of Wallonia. While its obsolescent industrial plant still provides a higher per-capita income than Flanders as a whole, Wallonia is rapidly losing ground. The *Economist* recently remarked that while the Walloons could formerly have surrendered a point to the Flemings in the interest of national harmony, concession now comes very hard.

Those factors are not much talked about now. While student leaders used the Flemish resentment at French teaching at Louvain to get the campaign going, they seem to have had more ambitious aims. The two student leaders who were held for longer than it took to check their identity cards were syndicalists, and from the beginning had tied the language issues at Louvain to the reform of Belgian higher education. Spokesmen for the "New Student Left," they demanded "democracy," apparently meaning greater state subsidies to the families of poor Belgians who otherwise have to stay home and contribute to family support instead of attending the university. They also want student participation in university administration and an overhauling of academic practices.

In 1966, the Belgian bishops decreed that the two languages would continue to enjoy equality at Louvain, but recently they have tended to reflect the sentiments of their flocks and have been deadlocked on the Louvain issue. The primate of Belgium, Cardinal Suenens, whose seat is Flemish Mechelen, favors the status quo at Louvain. Flemish students refer to him as "Judas." The other bishops, four Flemish and three Walloon, are split on language lines, and the best they could do in the crisis was to issue a communiqué urging calm and a resumption of dialogue between the two language groups. Far from pointing the way to a reasonable solution, the bishops proved to be captives of the same mini-nationalism as their constituents and, in effect, passed the buck to the government.

The disaffected students and professors at Louvain had in any case insisted on a political solution of the crisis. Many politicians agreed, and a member of the Flemish wing of the Prime Minister's own Social Christian Party had already taken the fateful step of depositing a parliamentary interpellation on the controversy. Implicit in the interpellation was the threat of the Flemish Social Christians to withdraw their support if the government failed to give satisfaction.

The government had planned that the new session of parliament reconvening in February would devote its attention to the budget it had painfully prepared, but the Louvain crisis and the interpellation pushed everything else into the background. The political reversal had its ironic aspect: for nearly two years, the government had ignored the country's most dangerous problem and concentrated on matters it considered more immediate. Suddenly, the conflagration from the spark at Louvain threatened the government's very existence, and its economic development projects seemed irrelevant.

The Government's Fall

At this stage, neither bishops nor university authorities could offer anything new, and conversations with leaders of the political parties produced the same impasse among the politicians. Vanden Boeynants therefore announced to parliament that the government stood by its promise to consider the linguistic problem in the context of its plan for university expansion due in the spring.

Given the state of popular feeling on the issue, the sequel was inevitable. The Flemish Social Christians withdrew their support from the government, and the Prime Minister was forced to submit his government's resignation to King Baudouin. Despite the primacy of the language issue in Belgian politics, never before had it caused the fall of a government. Never before, either, had student demonstrations brought down a government anywhere in Europe.

Belgium has three major political parties—or six, if one counts the fact that each party has a Flemish and a Walloon wing. None has a parliamentary majority; the government was a coalition of the Social Christians and the smaller Liberals. The second-largest party, the Socialists, much smaller Flemish and Walloon nationalist groups, and a few Communists formed the opposition.

Both Flemish and Walloon Social Christians were worried at the possibility of a permanent split in the party, but they were more worried at the prospect of new elections. In the prevailing atmosphere, it seemed inevitable that elections would benefit the nationalist fringe parties and even further exacerbate the issue.

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The Flemish Socialist organ *Volksgazet* feared anarchy and "a situation that would mean the end of Belgium."

The King immediately opened conversations with political leaders on the possibility of putting together a new government. There appeared to be a tacit agreement that an electoral campaign in the tense situation was to be avoided at all costs.

BUT WHAT of Louvain? Soon after the eruption at the university, Professor De Somer told the news weekly *Special* that the transfer to Wallonia of the French section was the only logical solution to the university's growth problems. By 1980, the university would have fifty-seven thousand students, as against twenty-four thousand now. The university was fighting for every house, every square meter of land in the city of Louvain and its environs. Privately, Walloons appear to be reconciled to the transfer as an inevitable next step in yielding linguistic equality to the Flemings. The latter have the political and economic muscle, as well as the moral determination, to achieve their goal.

A gradual transfer would reassure the Louvain merchants, who are already alarmed at the prospect of suddenly losing twelve thousand customers, especially since a gradual transfer would logically be co-ordinated with the anticipated natural growth of the Flemish student body.

This leaves the question of where French Louvain will go. A former Prime Minister and still an economics professor at Louvain, Gaston Eyskens, recently revived an old proposal to move the French section a few miles down the road, just over the language border. Flemish papers immediately attacked the proposal as "artificial," and the association of Flemish professors issued a resolution insisting on a "genuine" transfer to Wallonia.

As clearly as anyone, the Flemish professors had put their fingers on the ultimate bone of contention, Brussels. A bare fifteen miles from the capital, Louvain already feels dominated by it, and the establishment of a complete French university in the vicinity would increase the pressure of the French-speaking community on Louvain. But the objection to the Brussels area goes even deeper. Flemings have long maintained that Brussels was the center of "frenchification" in Belgium. To qualify for careers in finance, commerce, and even government, able young Flemings perfected their French and soon became accustomed to using it exclusively.

As the aspiring capital of Europe, Brussels' interests are broader than and different from those of the rest of Belgium. Brussels is what makes meaningless the demographic advantage of the Flemings, who fear that "colonization" by the French language from Brussels will ultimately submerge their language and culture. Considerable progress toward linguistic equality has been made in Brussels in recent years: street signs are in French and Dutch, public services use both languages, and government departments are making efforts to establish equality in personnel management. In the private sector, however, there is little evidence of change.

The Wider Solution

Efforts to reconstitute a government that could carry on until regular elections, mandatory in May, 1969, failed. The Flemish Social Christians refused to support any government that would not commit itself to the transfer of French Louvain in advance, and elections were scheduled for March 31. In the course of a five-week electoral campaign, the whole spectrum of Flemish-Walloon-Brussels issues was raised, with surprisingly little heat but with practically no light. As most observers predicted, the elections settled virtually nothing.

Expectedly, the fringe extremist parties, the Volksunie and the Rassemblement Wallon, added a few members to their tiny parliamentary delegations. The Social Christians lost a few seats, and their coalition partners, the Liberals, lost more. The Socialists remained about the same, but they emerged with greater unity than their Social Christian rivals. The only surprises of the elections were the great personal triumph in Brussels of Vanden Boeynants and the failure of the Liberals even to hold their own after confidently anticipating a conservative reaction in their favor through fears of disorder and instability. The Flemish weekly *De Weekbode* suggested that the traditional parties had lost ground because they refused to face up to the country's problems.

As usual, a new government would have to rely on a coalition of two of the three major parties, and there seemed to be considerable sentiment for a government representing all three. The bells of Easter came and went before the King, on April 22, asked the Socialist general secretary to attempt to form a government. He was immediately attacked by leading Social Christians, however, and since he had stated that he was not interested in a coalition with the Liberals, that seemed to be that. According to the majority of the daily press, political leaders seemed to have already resigned themselves to a long political crisis, lasting perhaps into the summer. The conviction appears to be spreading, meanwhile, that the solution to Belgium's problems lies outside the country. The old Vanden Boeynants government, now in the role of caretaker, is probably as good a makeshift as could be devised. Belgium is likely to remain, as an American scholar has said, a country with one oppressed majority and two oppressed minorities. A definitive solution can perhaps not be achieved except within a United Europe.

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Dust Gathers On the Public Library

PRISCILLA DUNHILL

When a housewife arrives at the Carroll Park branch of the Brooklyn Public Library, she is confronted with an iron-spiked fence that encloses a two-story brick imitation Greek revival building of the Victorian era. When she climbs a flight of six steps she will find taped to the door a sign that reads: "No pets allowed. No shopping carts or baby carriages. There will be no Saturday hours at any branch library June 1 through September 8." Inside, a uniformed guard keeps order, which does not seem hard to do. The shelves are half-empty, as is the library itself. The golden oak mission furniture is brown with age. Why has this representative of that great private institution of the nineteenth century, the public library, fallen on such seedy times?

At the Carroll Park branch, circulation has dropped slowly over the past half dozen years, setting in motion an inevitable cycle. With fewer book withdrawals and fewer registrations, the budget was cut. This in turn curtailed hours, staff, and services. Finally, in 1963, the Carroll Park branch was downgraded to the status of "reading center," and the librarian was replaced by a library "aide."

The slow decline of the public library is not unique to Carroll Park. Despite rising literacy rates, unparalleled leisure time and money, expanding book budgets, and Federal assistance programs, circulation, registration, and usage of center-city libraries across the country are dropping. The library, out of tune and out of date, is no longer relevant to the problems of center city and its new residents. And no matter how noble its goals, an unused library each year becomes a weaker competitor for scarce municipal funds.

The New Emigrés

The reasons why these great Andrew Carnegie-vintage libraries are in trouble are known to every public librarian: the changing composition of our city-centers; the popularity of TV and paperbacks; the increase in street crime, which keeps users away from the library; too little parking space; too much prosperity, which means more money for flashier entertainment; and better school libraries, which have been improved with Federal funds. One librarian, writing in that outspoken spokesman of the trade, *Library Journal,* even cited uneasiness over Vietnam as a cause.

Certainly these factors contribute to the general malaise of public libraries in center-city. But most librarians, entombed behind card files, refuse to confront the one cause that is central to all others: themselves. By and large, librarians—white, middle class, patient, and dedicated—are still dishing up service for a white middle class which long ago fled to the suburbs and has been replaced by Puerto Ricans, poor whites, Negroes from the rural South, and Mexican-Americans. Unlike the Eastern Europeans who flocked to this country and its public libraries at the turn of the century, these new émigrés have no tradition of book-learning and few of them aspire to the values of the white majority, which the librarian stands so ready, by training and tradition, to inculcate.

Ralph W. Conant, associate director of the Lemberg Center for the Study of Violence at Brandeis University, has painted a bleak picture for the future. Writing in the May 15 issue of *Library Journal,* he predicted: "Black political leaders of the future will aggressively reorient public schools, libraries, and the other lesser institutions toward black history, culture, art, and politics . . . The whites cannot help in this future effort and the blacks know it, even if the whites do not." To support his thesis, he submitted a timetable for the coming black political leadership in U.S. cities: by 1975, Newark, Detroit, and Philadelphia; by 1980, Chicago, Atlanta, Baltimore, and St. Louis; by 1985, Memphis and New Orleans. While Conant may be extremist in his predictions, it is evident that a constructive course of action for center-city libraries is desperately needed.

Who or what can pull the public library out of its spiral of self-destruction? The municipal governments which foot the bill for the public-library systems? The board of trustees of the library, which in most towns is appointed by the mayor? The profession itself? The thirty-seven schools of librarianship, by seeking and training a new kind of student? The Negro communities, which could place more rigorous demands on local libraries? Congress, by massive infusions of Federal money? Perhaps the public library as an institution should be scrapped altogether, and the library func-

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tion fitted into existing social-work agencies, settlement houses, and the like. Perhaps school libraries should be expanded and kept open longer to serve the general public.

All these have been considered by students of the problem; all have drawbacks. For most mayors, for example, the public library is a haven of political quietude compared to other monumental crises assaulting his city. In most towns, the public-library system receives about two per cent of the entire city budget—an amount too small for most city councils to get excited about. And since librarians can be counted on not to riot or picket, the likelihood of a larger budget is slight.

Boards of trustees of public libraries historically have held themselves aloof from the rest of the city's political family. They exist in an aura of intellectualism and independence which places low-level ward politics beneath them. As a consequence, they do not bargain at city hall, and librarians have not prodded them to such an unseemly course of action.

The Academics of Immutability

The ghetto leadership offers one possible instrument for change, but even then the library bureaucracy keeps local branches singularly insulated from public pressure. Jean Godfrey, chief librarian for the eighty branches of the New York Public Library, in commenting on the possibility of local advisory councils for branch libraries, was discouraging: "A local group simply couldn't effect much of a change. It would be misleading and raising false hopes to indicate that such would be possible. Any request from a local branch must be considered in the light of two questions: Could we grant such a request to all branches? Will the city pay the freight? Invariably the answer would have to be no. Besides, in neighborhoods such as Harlem, good community leadership is already involved elsewhere. . . . But the *idea* of community participation is beginning to come up now. The Bundy report and things like that have helped." (The Bundy report on New York City public schools advocated decentralization.)

The profession demonstrates little capacity to change itself. Ewald B. Nyquist, Deputy Commissioner of Education for the State of New York, accused librarians of being gyroscopic. In a speech last August, he said, "Librarians do not easily change direction. . . . They never lift a finger toward originality. . . . Everybody is for progress, of course; it is only change they do not like."

Anthony Campbell, manpower specialist for Walter E. Washington, the new Negro mayor of the nation's capital, was more short-tempered when he addressed librarians during National Library Week at the Smithsonian Institution in April. He said that he was "sick to death" of librarians' endless talk. "Public libraries are totally irrelevant today and have nothing to say to people in Inner City."

The problem of action from within the profession is compounded by the low status of the public librarian among her colleagues. She ranks below private-research, business, and corporation librarians, and those in school and university libraries. Yet ironically, of all fields of librarianship, none requires greater flexibility, ingenuity, and innovation than that of the public librarian.

There is a dribble of movement within the American Library Association, which has begun to consider the problem of attracting Negroes to the profession. But these Negroes quickly come up against rigid academic standards of library schools, which by and large are indifferent to seeking a new kind of recruit for ghetto libraries. Eric Moon, editor of the *Library Journal,* is quite bitter on this score: "The schools do not seem to understand that there are times when social needs may be greater than academic needs; that the greater good may be served by bending academic requirements. Their basic philosophy of service, while admirable, is off center. Schools are the real bottleneck in the entire process."

A salient example of such intransigence occurred in the University of Maryland library school's experimental ghetto training program called High John. In a freshly painted one-story frame house on an unpaved backstreet in Fairmount Heights, a stable Negro community on the outskirts of Washington, every library rule was to be heaved out the window. The staff would work empirically. The aim of the program: *to learn how to reach* illiterate aimless children of the black rural émigrés.

When Monteria Hightower, a Negro in her thirties, read about the program, she was working with the bookmobile program in a ghetto in southeast Los Angeles. She applied immediately for a graduate fellowship to the university to work on the program. Sorry, said Paul Wasserman, dean of the library school, but neither her undergraduate grades from Butler College in Texas (fifteen years ago) nor her performance on the graduate record exams met the school's academic standards. Miss Hightower was not to be put off. She wired that she was coming anyway and would pay her own way, which she did. The school accepted her as a provisional student, but High John's staff was formed without her or a single Negro in a totally black community. And the administration at the University of Maryland is considered one of the more flexible. It has seriously considered adjusting its academic standards in some cases, although there is a general consensus among the library school faculty that such a move is fraught with dangers. The current response is to provisionally accept such borderline students and to provide them with remedial work. This has been done in Miss Hightower's case.

High John, despite its white face, is one of the most refreshing and creative programs to come out of library schools. And if there is hope of a solution short of closing down the center-city libraries, High John may offer it. High John is about ninety per cent Federally financed (both directly and indirectly) and has a local advisory council. It is a workbench operation that breeds innovation. There are no doors, no labels, and no barriers

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even to the staff room. A parrot, Chico, greets visitors at the door. Books like Norman Mailer's *Why Are We in Viet Nam?*, shunned by most other public libraries in or out of ghettos because of its rough language, are on the shelves.

At High John kids can do homework, browse, or brood. Some play chess. Anything goes as long as it does not infringe on the rights of others; transistor radios are relegated to a basement lounge. There is no Dewey decimal system, no book classification, and no fines. But out of 1,800 books checked out since High John opened last October, only three hundred have not been returned, a loss rate of seventeen per cent. (At Countee Cullen in Harlem, fifty per cent never come back.)

Dick Moses, High John's director, constantly reiterates to his students, "We have no mission at this library, no moral imperative. We are a pipeline between the intellectual resources of this community and the people." This is something of a heresy to librarians who hold sacred the task of elevating a reader's taste. "I am not at all sure that girls who come here and want love stories will ever graduate to *War and Peace*," Moses states. "My only crusade—if you can call it that—is to get away from the sacredness of The Book, to get rid of the belief that a book somehow is intrinsically, morally a good thing. This is like the theory that medicine isn't good unless it tastes bad."

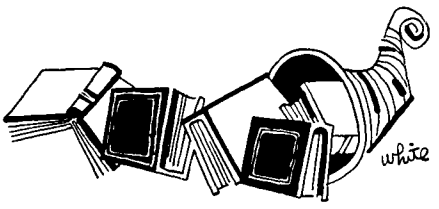
The Matter of Funds

There are many Federally financed programs similar to High John's. A sampling across the country indicates that librarians are not at a loss to conceive a rich variety of approaches to change their image in the ghetto.

Baltimore uses rock 'n' roll radio spot announcements. Librarian aides from Brooklyn's high-powered Community Coordinator Project invade bars, beauty parlors, laundromats, and barber shops with packets of paperbacks and library propaganda. In Queens borough, New York, street hawkers and story tellers take to streets, tenement stoops, and park benches to peddle the library's wares. Countee Cullen in Harlem promotes community participation through exhibitions of the work of local artists. Members of the Blue Angels, a teenaged gang in Arlington, Virginia, tried creative writing under the auspices of the county library; after a year they published a slender anthology of poems and stories entitled *The Walker*.

In New Haven, head librarian Meredith Bloss, one of the national leaders in off-beat experimentation, has just received $960 through the Office of Economic Opportunity to pay eight community representatives who will form the backbone of an advisory library council. "At least this will cover the cost of baby sitters and transportation for them," Bloss says. "How did I get the money? I just asked for it. Money is not a problem if you are creative enough to invent a program."

There are a battery of Federal programs which the librarian can avail herself of. She only needs a road map to get through the maze. There is money for construction and



pilot projects through the Library Services and Construction Act of 1964; money for library personnel through the Economic Opportunity Act of 1964 (dispensed through local poverty program agencies). There are funds from the Elementary and Secondary Education Act of 1965, from the Demonstration Cities and Metropolitan Development Act of 1966, the Manpower Development and Training Act of 1962, Housing and Urban Development Act of 1965, Appalachian Regional Development Act of 1965, and so on. The amount available to public libraries through Federal programs in fiscal 1968 totaled approximately $60 million. Nobody in the Federal government will estimate what percentage goes into center-city public libraries. "It would be a simplistic and useless piece of information anyway," claims Henry Drennan of the U.S. Office of Education. This is debatable. More likely the answer would be embarrassing, because the amount is so low. One librarian who was turned down on funds by Washington said, "Public libraries just aren't a sexy issue. Information retrieval, computerized information systems, and all their hardware—that's where the money lies."

BETWEEN available Federal money and a live project lie miles of bureaucracy, red tape, and competition —competition with other local agencies for unspecified Federal funds granted to a city, for example, and competition within the profession as when both school and public libraries are eligible for the same funds. Thus those programs that finally become a reality are few, uneven in quality, and financed on a short-term basis only. After three or four years of renewal, the Federal grants expire and the library is thrown on its own and the city's meager resources to continue.

What is the answer? Meredith Bloss, who has spent twenty-five years in public libraries, feels there is only one: continuous financing on a state and Federal basis. "Stopgap funding is no good for long-term problems," he said. "Cities don't have the tax base to continue the programs."

Bloss is not hopeful about librarians demanding such continuous funding. "The profession suffers from incompatible functions. Librarians run a data bank, a collection of information. It is their traditional function to assemble such information and become its custodian. This requires a certain kind of person. That person cannot be asked to take on a third role—that of a social-service worker. I have come around to the belief that the library's job in center city may have to be done within some other agency . . . maybe an institute for urban studies? . . . I don't even dare think about this," he trailed off.

Certainly there is no more dedicated man to the cause of public librarianship than Meredith Bloss. His agonized concern must be considered a further warning of demise for public libraries.

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Vietnam's Catholics Debate the Future

SAM BINGHAM

VIETNAMESE CATHOLICS, heirs to both the western Christian traditions and the culture of their own country, are at the epicenter of Vietnam's present national crisis. The 1.7 million members of the Roman Catholic Church make up only ten per cent of South Vietnam's population, but they hold enormous power. Nearly half of the Senate is Catholic. So is President Nguyen Van Thieu and perhaps half of the top civil servants. Priests run two large daily newspapers in Saigon, and a dedicated Catholic layman runs a third.

The economic power of the Church is immense. Many former colonials preferred to sell or grant property to the Church rather than to the nationalist government when the French rulers departed in 1954, and the Church is now involved in every sort of enterprise, from coastal shipping to real estate to the manufacture of cigarettes. The profits from its portfolio help support the most important of all areas of Church influence, social services.

In a land where the tradition of organized charity has never been strong, Catholic schools, hospitals, and orphanages constitute a major prop of national life. Without Church participation, health services would diminish by half and primary education by a third. The Church is also a major factor in higher education because of the number of clerics and monks presently active in the universities.

This awesome power is resented by Vietnam's non-Catholic majority, especially the militant Buddhists, and it has been criticized by many westerners as well. The Catholic community, however, is far from united; several factions split its upper echelons. And the influential Catholics in business and politics are by no means all answerable to the Church, as shown by the large number of them elected to the Senate on non-Catholic tickets.

The divisive issues within the Church are less those of power, money, and influence than differences over the correct personal attitudes for a Catholic Vietnamese: To fight a holy war or turn the other cheek? To mobilize the Catholic community or practice ecumenism? To emphasize the community or the individual aspects of religion?

The most vocal parties in the Vietnamese Church reflect the general free-world malaise that makes the young and expensively educated generation revolt against its parents. The native Southern clergy and, to an even greater extent, the refugees from North Vietnam tend to take a hard line on the war, be wary of trusting the people's will, and voice nostalgia for the days of the late President Ngo Dinh Diem, when Church power was at its apogee. The young rebels, who are not well known to the outside world, went to school in France, prefer philosophy and sociology to politics, and consider themselves part of an international Catholic intellectual élite charged with reform. Both groups, of course, claim to represent the true cause of the mother church.

Strength from the North

The so-called Catholic Establishment is not the product of the French colonialists or Ngo Dinh Diem, although it generally profited from both. Its roots go back much further, to the early seventeenth century when a few dozen Jesuit missionaries from Macao made many converts in North and Central Vietnam. The Jesuits left behind certain traditions that flourished, including martyrdom, the institution of a powerful and well-educated clergy, and community living. The canonization of Andrew, the most renowned Vietnamese martyr, is currently being considered in Rome, where the unfortunate catechist's severed head has reposed since 1650.

The clergy in South Vietnam was strongly reinforced when 900,000 Catholic refugees fled the North in 1954. Towns like Ho Nai near Bien Hoa attest to the nature of the exodus. There, where parishes from the North came to rest in complete units, no less than twenty-one churches of masonry, cinderblock, and sheet metal line the road—built even before the migrants started putting up houses for themselves.

To speak of the "northernization" of the Church since 1954 is not to slight the Southern members and leaders. But no other sect or party in the South can boast the solidarity of Ho Nai and towns like it. The Northern refugees keep the seminaries full and furnish the monks and nuns who bear the brunt of Catholic charity work. From among the leaders of such communities come the big guns of the Catholic Right.

Because no one in Vietnam draws sharp distinctions between such ab-

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stractions as church and state or personalities and issues, clergymen as a matter of course not only manage newspapers but also run for political office and publish books on varied topics. Thus Archbishop Binh of Saigon, who concentrates more on administration than on political or theological polemics, counts far less in either realm than such leaders as the simple parish priest Hoang Quynh, the missionary Father Gagnon, or the teacher Father Nguyen Ngoc Lan. This independence, however, does not preclude certain strife.

FATHER QUYNH, the acknowledged prime mover of the Catholic Right, is a Northerner and on the surface a very humble man. His parish of Binh Thai lies on the southeastern edge of Saigon, beyond the reach of running water and electricity. Long before one arrives at the churchyard gate, the houses have thinned to a single row of huts between the roadside and the paddies beyond. Quynh's compound consists of a high twin-steepled church and a long low school building of yellow masonry and crumbling roof tile. His own dwelling is a small building behind the church where dust from the sunbaked churchyard blows through doors and windows that never saw hinges or panes.

Quynh enters the front room to greet the casual visitor (and all comers are casual, since he has no telephone) by way of a curtained doorway from his unlit cell. Likely as not he appears in blue work shirt and dirty white ducks. The symbol of his power hangs behind dingy glass on one wall, a three-dimensional scene of the cathedral grounds of Phat Diem in the Red River Delta south of Haiphong. Quynh was curate in Phat Diem in the last years of French rule and made the region a bastion against the Vietminh by the strength of his own irregulars.

Coming south did not change Quynh. As before, action, organization, and politics occupy his time, most especially since the Buddhist Struggle Movement of the spring of 1966 at once made religion overtly political and opened the way to national elections. In those days, as head of the ad hoc Catholic Citizen's Bloc, he led street marches in support of the régime of Nguyen Cao Ky who, although a Buddhist himself, shared the conservative Catholics' cautious attitude toward the elections.

Infighting among leaders and the passing of the crisis left the Bloc in decay, and Quynh today is thick in the affairs of a new Catholic group, the Greater Union Force, which aspires to become a mass party. One of his lieutenants, Nguyen Gia Hien, heads the party's ten-man list of senators. These senators have cemented a coalition with another predominantly Catholic ticket headed by General Huynh Van Cao, who was dismissed by Ky from his command in I Corps in 1966 for refusing to fire on rioting Buddhists in Danang. The combination represents a third of the Senate and is its only disciplined organization. On this Quynh, Hien, and others hope to build their party to a point where they can eventually compete in power with both the National Liberation Front and the political forces of the government.

In a public meeting just before Tet, supporters of the coalition cheered a resolution to organize irregular troops if negotiations took place between the Vietcong and the government. The average South Vietnamese saw this as typically Catholic and blandly pro-government, as rumors were in the air that the United States was trying to force negotiations. Father Quynh said, however, "Our strength for the moment is all Catholic, and we must keep them satisfied. Also, we cannot grow big without a wink from the government." As for a confrontation with the latter, he added, "The time will come, but not yet."

Priest on the Move

Between Hoang Quynh and Catholics of the far Left, whom he calls the "Teahouse Intellectuals," looms the figure of Father Gagnon, a French-Canadian missionary of thirty-two years' service in Vietnam. He was in Hanoi until the partition. Now he runs a youth center and retreat in the university and resort town of Dalat, which holds weekend discussion groups. Gagnon speaks Vietnamese like a native and has an easygoing but solid air and an attractive blend of youth and sagacity. In Dalat heads turn as he races through the hilly streets, cassock flying, mounted on an antique motorcycle of monstrous proportions. He has ridden it to every corner of the country, even in the worst of times.

"The Church," Gagnon told me, "has made a grave mistake in Vietnam by meddling with politics. That is not the province of religion, and it is not even the most important matter for the future of the country. This war started, like most wars, more because of power questions than ideological ones. I don't think either are crucial now, which makes the war rather an anachronism in my mind. What matters now are human values. People must change their ways of treating their fellow men and their conceptions of what is important and what is not. They can no longer delude themselves on questions of value, because events in our overpopulated world raise them too fast. The Church should help people find the answers."

Gagnon builds his case for the irrelevance of the war on what he sees as the similarity of Communist and American goals and behavior. Both offer the peasant a better life, he says; both call for efficiency of organization and a form of mass rule, and both proceed by equally devastating routes. The Americans for the moment give him more freedom to work than he could expect from the Communists, so he wishes them luck. Nevertheless, "I don't ask which side will win out, only what transformation Communism will undergo when faced with absorbing the people I preach to."

Father Gagnon's importance in the future of the Church does not depend on the number of senators he controls but on his renown among the youth. Although he is nostalgic for the colonial days and is critical of the anti-Diem coup and the militant Buddhists, his strictly individualistic theology, pacifism, and faith in the future have won him a wide following.

The Church hierarchy, the bishops, and heads of seminaries approve of Gagnon because he is fundamentally conservative and be-

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cause he makes good Catholics out of the young. He is important to the Left because the people who pass through his center are unlikely to hew to the hard conservative line and it is a rare student from the university in Dalat or seminarian from anywhere who escapes contact with Gagnon.

THE TRUE REBELS are the "Teahouse Intellectuals"—who actually do meet in teahouses. A significant number belong to the Redemptorist Order of monks, which is deeply involved in education. Father Nguyen Ngoc Lan, a thirty-year-old Redemptorist, shares with two or three others the center of attention created by the group. He is a nimble-witted, flashing-eyed man educated in Paris and at the seminary in Dalat. Unlike many of the conservative leaders, he does not have a parish. Until last fall, when the administration suspended him for neutralist leanings, he taught philosophy and theology at Dalat and sometimes commuted to Hué to lecture on philosophy and literature.

When in Saigon he may be found wearing his cassock and rosary at the Friday night hootenannies held by students on the old Faculty of Letters campus or in his room at the Redemptorist hostel, where books and papers filled with his notes overflow the shelves and are piled on the floor. The disorder symbolizes his embattled position but not his opinions, which are straightforward.

On the war: "You might say that if the goal is to bring a majority of people a better life, war hasn't gotten us much closer. I say we cannot do worse by trying peace, even though I fear Communist oppression as much as anyone."

On politics: "That métier has reached a low ebb in Vietnam. I just don't see where a regeneration can start in the present régime; certainly not among the Catholic elements. The Americans have seen to it that no truly strong men come to power [a view surprisingly widespread among conservatives as well]. No wonder the people are cynical."

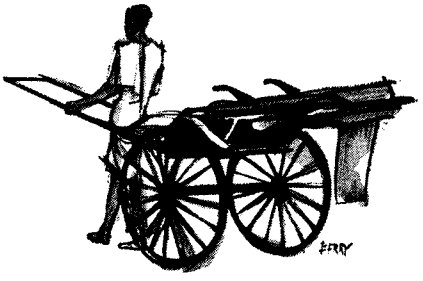
On the Church: "The vacuum of social organization and construction which the Church has filled in Vietnam has given Catholics an arrogance of power far beyond their due. Even our extensive charities tend to reflect more the spirit of business than Christianity. Our job should be to guide the individual conscience."

Lan and thirteen other priests and laymen of similar mind meet periodically in a group they call the Trinh Bay (The Exposers). They circulate their opinions in books dedicated to each other, in one or two small liberal reviews, in letters to foreign publications, and in the weekly *Song Dao* (Live Religion) published under a flame-red masthead by the Redemptorist Church of Our Lady of Eternal Grace. They look to Rome for support in their quest for peace.

A Measure of Success

The Trinh Bay rebels drew their first blood in January, 1966, following the publication of their "Manifesto of Eleven Priests" in the French periodical *Témoinage Catholique*. Without being specific, it called for a sincere effort by all parties to bring peace to Vietnam on the ground that people could no longer bear the conditions of war. Three non-Catholic dailies in Saigon published censored versions. Weeks later, one of the three major Catholic papers, *Xay Dung* (Reconstruction), published a censored version accompanied by violent criticism.

In October, 1966, the Vatican sent a special delegate to Saigon to organize a meeting of Vietnamese bishops on the question of peace. The mild communiqué issued after that meeting was the first opinion the bishops had rendered on the subject since the war began, and the Trinh Bay naturally saw in it the hand of the Vatican supporting them.



The ripples of such ferment annoy more than threaten conservatives like the Reverend Hoang Quynh. The tight refugee communities, the charities, and the bishops agree with him on most particulars. Yet the morale of the young rebels remains high, buoyed by news from the West, from the vigor of the dissent on U.S. campuses, and by the support they receive from non-Catholics. The conservatives talk little of the new ecumenical spirit. The Trinh Bay, by contrast, have extremely close ties to a Buddhist teahouse group which included the exiled monk Thich Nhat Hanh, author of *Lotus in a Sea of Fire*.

The leftists can take heart in the success they have made of the weekly *Song Dao*, which was just another moribund Church newsletter five years ago when taken over by layman Nguyen Dinh Dau. In 1964 it was officially suppressed and only recently sprang to life again. It sells a modest 2,500 copies, which circulate quite thoroughly among the liberal thinkers of Saigon, carrying political, philosophical, and strictly religious articles by both priests and laymen.

IN THE MONTHS ahead—and certainly in the event that negotiations lead to a coalition—the importance of such people as the Trinh Bay group will be manifest. Their presence means that Catholics will be on both sides of the issues, not just on the government's side. The result may be a decisive split between young and old in the Church, but it also will ensure the continued presence of active Catholics in important positions by making it hard for, say, a Buddhist like the militant Thich Tri Quang to raise the banner of anti-Catholicism.

For the present it is important that the Church thus far has allowed such diversity to exist at all and in such delicate areas as education and publishing. In a country as socially disorganized as Vietnam, religions can gain great influence because they alone have some degree of unity. The divisions among Catholics only reflect the split in South Vietnam at large. Because the Church has a knack for survival, it may well reach a compromise among its factions before the rest of Vietnam sorts out its divisions. How it does so will bear watching.

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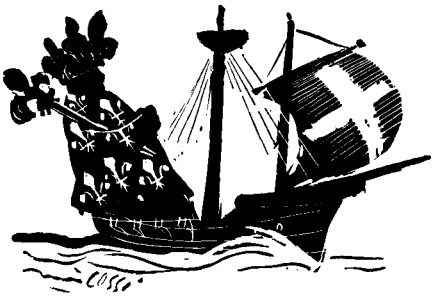

What John McGraw Said

GILBERT ROGIN

For a time in my life, upon coming home of an evening, it was my custom to peek in the bathroom to see if anyone was standing in the tub full of murderous impulses. Principally, I had in mind Mr. Buxbaum, or Moody, or both. Mr. Buxbaum was a fight manager whom I had inadvertently discredited. In our last telephone conversation he had whispered, "You cut off both of my legs —*above the knees.*" Mr. Buxbaum invariably whispered to forestall hypothetical eavesdroppers; moreover, since he feared his phone was tapped, he made all important calls from pay stations on subway platforms. Indeed, immediately following Mr. Buxbaum's intelligence, there was the great, resonant rumble of a departing train, reminiscent of the organ chord called a stab, which underlines momentous passages in soap operas.

As for Moody, I was, now and again, sleeping with his wife—his second. I had slept with his first, too, when he was wed to her, and when he remarried I slept with his third as well. I consider Moody my best friend and whenever he said his home life was sheer hell, I sagaciously nodded. I had lain in his bed in squalid surroundings (he was a spy then and often out of town)—for instance, an unfinished cup of coffee and an equally unfinished martini on the bed table; likewise Moody's cleaning not taken out; dust devils under the bed when I finally, sadly, reached for my shoes—and, like Moody, I had very often nearly said out loud: What am I doing here?

Mr. Buxbaum was somehow related to my father and had been in the fight game most of his life, although, more often than not, his fighters let him down. "They're a bunch of tomato cans," was the way Mr. Buxbaum put it. But boxing was in his blood. "I used to be a former fighter," Mr. Buxbaum once had occasion to whisper to me. For a period there I took out a second's license and carried the bucket for him. "Like everything else, there is a right way to carry a bucket and a wrong way to carry a bucket," Mr. Buxbaum said, stressing the fruits of his wisdom. "I will now demonstrate the right way." We were in Boston—the Lennox, prior to its facelifting—and Mr. Buxbaum dexterously picked up the bucket and set off with it down the long, tenebrous corridor, me at his heels, observing his style closely. Being a faster walker than the average, Mr. Buxbaum soon outstripped me. From somewhere in the gloom, I heard him distantly muttering, "See. See."

I first met Moody on June 19, 1952, while we were waiting our turns in a barber shop on the via delle Vita in the city of Rome. To my genial inquiry, "Are you a fellow American, by any chance?" he replied, "I am a Fulbright scholar and a poet." I said it would be an honor to take a gander at his poetry one of these days. It turned out June 19, 1952, was the day, as he so happened to have a sheaf on him; he produced the works, neatly folded, from a pocket.

A sampler from the poetical outpouring of Francis X. Moody, Jr.:

A GUIDE

The carp F. (regarde, regarde)
within an ornamental sheet of water,
tumult after the loaf on Sunday
until (la, la grosse, la grand-mère)
a whale in the pond
rises (le grand-père) *and devours. . . .*

"Would the 'F.' stand for Fontainebleau, by any chance?" I asked, looking up from his typescript, which was impressively free of erasures and interlinear corrections.

Being *prossimo,* Moody was in the chair. "Suppose I said it would?" he civilly rejoined, but judging from his reflection in the mirrored wall, he was greatly vexed.

"Why the secrecy?"

"Ah," he trailed off obscurely.

The truth is, I had nearly broken his cover. Moody, of course, was no more a poet than you or I, and the works were doubtlessly composed by a melancholy GS-6 at a metal desk a little ways outside our nation's capitol.

The following is a description of Mr. Buxbaum and Moody in my apartment, a nicely furn 1½: Moody, well-shaven, sprucely attired in a deep blue, box-loomed worsted, is astride my window sill, left leg in, right leg out, right hand lightly supporting the upraised window—a mode of entry he presumably had occasion to resort to in his line of work. After ascertaining that I'm not at home, he adroitly puts his right leg in, too, momentarily admiring his shine, and tip-toes to the bathroom. Mr. Buxbaum is standing in the tub, his hat—moderately soiled, medium low crown, pinch front—in his right hand. He transfers the hat to his left hand in order to shake Moody's hand.

"Buxbaum," Mr. Buxbaum whispers.

"Moody," Moody says.

"Don't stand on ceremony," Mr. Buxbaum cordially whispers. "There's room for plenty more."

Moody joins him in the tub.

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"He cut off both of my legs," Mr. Buxbaum informs him. *"Above the knees."* With the edge of his right hand he saws away at both of the indicated places.

"He's sleeping with my wife," Moody says. "My second. I have good reason to believe he slept with my first as well."

"He is given to sudden, sweeping, unresearched, supercilious, and exceedingly harsh generalizations about persons and states of affairs," Mr. Buxbaum whispers—irrelevantly, you will agree.

"He demands a great deal of others, dismissing them summarily if they do not come up to his wildly exacting standards," Moody says—a highly colored opinion, "but he feels that others should love *him* just as he is. Granted he is fond of some few in spite of their failings, but most people he dismisses for faults no greater than his own."

"SHALL WE be seated?" Mr. Buxbaum interposes. "It might be a longish wait."

They sit, vis-à-vis. Moody plucks at his trouser legs to preserve their creases.

"He pursues his own line of thought and indulges his own moods pretty much regardless of the interests and humors of others," Mr. Buxbaum goes on in the same tiresome vein. "His attention wanders immediately if someone tries to discuss a concern of theirs which does not interest him. Do you think you might hang my hat on the faucet? Hot or cold, *cela n'a pas d'importance.*"

"In point of fact he is rigid," Moody says, "and cannot see when a plan or theory of his violates a larger, more important principle, even its own purpose."

"He treats persons and circumstances too much as functions of his own well-being," Mr. Buxbaum whispers.

"For what, outside of himself, does he ever extend himself?" Moody asks. "What excites his pity or concern enough to extract any money, time or special effort somewhat taxing to himself?"

"He seems not to take into consideration the fact that other people are also possessed of human qualities," Mr. Buxbaum whispers "—the ability to think, and to feel; to be hurt, really."

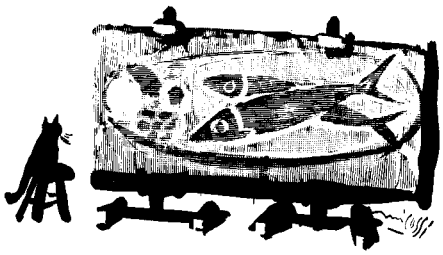
"I believe we've already gone into that in slightly different form," Moody says.

"Granted," Mr. Buxbaum whispers. "It was set forth purely for emphasis."

"In the theatre, during intermissions," Moody continues, "being taller than the average, he, without subtlety, attempts to look down the fronts of women's dresses."

"In the subway," Mr. Buxbaum whispers, "he takes pains to choose a seat opposite a woman—preferably thirty years of age or under—and endeavors to look up her skirt."

THE NATURAL LIGHT begins to fall, and Mr. Buxbaum and Moody gradually grow silent. Mr. Buxbaum contemplates my matching bath towel, face towel, and wash cloth, which hang with a rich drapery effect, smacking of *Largillière.* Moody is momentarily diverted by my electric toothbrush, one of the earliest models. Mr. Buxbaum asks Moody if he so happens to have a deck of playing cards on his person, so they might play a few hands of gin—a fifth of a cent a point, so nobody can get hurt. Moody replies in the negative. Mr. Buxbaum then gives his attention to my diminished, shapely bar of soap, aqua in color, molded in the matrices of my palms. He next asks Moody if, like himself, his muscles are growing stiff and his circulation is becoming impeded, as evidenced by a loss of sensation in the extremities. Moody replies in the affirmative. Mr. Buxbaum then outlines several calisthenics which can be performed in



the seated position, and which expressly allay the preceding. Mr. Buxbaum and Moody execute them by the numbers, Mr. Buxbaum reciting the numbers. Once or twice, Moody asks him to speak up. Moody next inquires of Mr. Buxbaum if he has anything on him to read. Mr. Buxbaum replies in the negative, adding that he is a great reader, nonetheless. Moody advances the opinion that the former is a pity, to which Mr. Buxbaum concurs, subjoining, however, that it may all be for the best; by turning on the light they would lose the element of surprise. Mr. Buxbaum then suggests that Moody might take a short nap, with Mr. Buxbaum standing watch, as Moody would do well to conserve his energy, as he might have to call on it if there was any rough stuff. Moody drops off. Mr. Buxbaum wonders what's on television, then takes out his fountain pen, unscrews the top, bends over Moody and pensively touches up a place on his right jacket cuff where the fabric has worn away, revealing the underlining. The best blue-black. Indoors no one would be the wiser.

A COMMENTARY on the foregoing: The cuckold is supposed to cut a sorry figure, the adulterer a dashing one, but there are exceptions to every rule. Oh, what a wretched adulterer was I! May I take just a moment to refute a widespread misconception? Faint heart, I have found, *does* win fair lady, as well as others less praiseworthy; but afterwards. . . . I will elucidate in a paragraph or two. Even in the shade of *le petit mort,* I would, for example, imagine at that very moment, Moody on one knee in a hotel corridor, his eye to a keyhole, concerned about his trouser crease, and I would be utterly discomposed. (Suppose Mr. Buxbaum, giving yet another lesson in the art of carrying the bucket, suddenly came 'round the bend!) Why then, ill-suited as I was to adultery, did I keep it up? For one, isn't life made more tolerable by a portion of unreality? For two, permit me to think it was on account of the word illicit —its anagoge. Illicit. Il-lic-it. It is pleasing phonetically—a rustle unexpectedly terminating in the voiceless alveolar stop; but what enchants me is its symmetry. Regard it here set in ten-point Baskerville: the slender "l's" escorted on either side by the yeomanly "i's"; the "c," with its sorrowfully bowed head, similarly embraced; the final sparred "t," like a masthead, promising great,

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hopeful voyages. The row of Lombardy poplars at the rear of my garden, which I am looking at now, nearly rewrites it: a short tree; two tall ones; a short one; one bent over by a recent storm, which I have neglected to stake. Alas, for my "t" I must overlook a harbor.

THE FOLLOWING is the promised luminous exposition: I appear in the third person singular under the name of Jay Silver; he is slightly overweight, has frequently been told he has no mechanical ability whatsoever, and leads what he considers to be a semi-secret life. It is several Aprils past. Silver is in the rent-controlled apartment of Craig and Amanda Sanford. Sanford, an ad salesman who is known to his friends and business associates as Sandy, is at Pinehurst. Amanda, whom Silver refers to as Gigi, is lying in bed, Silver beside her. Above their heads is a mounted sailfish Sandy caught.

Silver is saying to Amanda: "Is he the type of person that's liable to come back early? I mean, suppose he's playing very poorly, would he tend to become discouraged?"

Amanda says: "When he's discouraged he flings his club high in the air and cowers, his hands on top of his head, and shouts, 'Dear God, please don't let it break.'"

"His head?"

"The club."

"He wouldn't give up the game on the spur of the moment, though?"

"He's really not all that mercurial."

"But it might rain a lot. I happened to read in the *Times* this morning that occasional rain was forecast over the south Atlantic states."

"When it rains they play bridge."

"Oh."

A few minutes later, Silver hears from the corridor the elevator door opening; next fateful, approaching footsteps.

"It's not *him*!" Amanda cries, feeling Silver jumping. She is too late. On the way up, Silver bangs his head against the sailfish—the caudal peduncle—which falls on them, also smashing the bed lamp.

"Momma," Silver wails in the dark.

"Oh, for Christ's sake," says Amanda.

"What happened, Gigi?" says Silver.

"You dislodged his fish. Get it off me, you idiot."

"I can't see. Turn on the light."

"It's busted."

"I'm getting out of here," Silver says, removing the fish from his chest and climbing out of bed.

"Where the hell are my undies? I think I'm bleeding. Oh, my God, I've been stabbed or something."

Amanda has got out of bed on her side and turned on the boudoir lamp.

"I told you it wasn't him," she says. "Don't you think I know his springy step?"

"I tell you, I'm bleeding. Look. Blood. No, here. My right ear lobe."

Amanda hands him a flowered Kleenex. Then she inspects the sailfish, which rides upon the disordered bed clothes.

"Its eye's dropped out," she says. "You've got to help me find it, Jay."

She gets down on her hands and knees. Dressing wildly, Silver waits until she sticks her head under the bed before tiptoeing to the door. As he leaves, he hears Amanda, muffled, saying, "If you don't help me glue the goddamn eye back, I'll never let you sleep with me ever, ever again."

Sandy Sanford never caught me while the crime was blazing, although he vainly loitered outside of --- East --th Street one lunch hour. Gigi had heedlessly left the Manhattan Telephone Directory open to the page bearing my name, address and phone number—the whole circled in pencil. However, while Sandy was keeping --- under surveillance (a job more suited to Moody's talents; but he never tumbled) Gigi and I were just around the corner at --- Lex., where I had moved since the phone book had been published, lunching in the rosy châteaux of our skin, in the continental style—knives in our right hands, forks, inverted, lightly grasped, in our left. That night, after Sandy had given his wife an account of his fruitless vigil, she decided to leave him, but before she could get out the door he was on her heels. The race revolved, in the main, about their bed, with many reversals of direction and fate. It was unequal, Gigi being handicapped by the two-suiter she was carrying. When she threw in the towel, Sandy whacked her around a little bit, as Mr. Buxbaum would have said. Happily, Sandy was not, as Mr. Buxbaum would also have said, a bang-ger.

AS MR. BUXBAUM once told me, "If you're puncher, you're supposed to get in there and *setz*." At the time, Mr. Buxbaum, myself, and Hardcastle, Mr. Buxbaum's featherweight prospect, were in Mr. Buxbaum's roomette on the Montreal Limited en route to Montreal, where Hardcastle had a fight. (He lost.) It was an especially lurid night and we were passing at a great rate through the Hudson gorge. Hardcastle was sitting on the bed, holding a transistor to one ear, like a sea shell; Mr. Buxbaum was pushing back his cuticles, and I was appalled by what I could make out of the scenery.

"I was only after one thing," Mr. Buxbaum was saying, "—the truth. When I was interested in it, I spent weeks, months trying to find it. I was tracking it down. I was like that animal who is suspicious and moves carefully through the forest."

"What animal?" Hardcastle asked.

"How should I know what animal?" Mr. Buxbaum said. "But I find I'm an *alter cocker* and have got no closer, no closer. I wanted to get something done before I died."

"You have," I said.

"Baloney!" he said. "I wanted to put a little scratch on this old stone before I left it, like the boys in the war. They didn't know from nothing so they left their names all over the joint."

This brings to mind a journey of a similar temper I took with Moody, when he left the -.-.- and was in what he called "security." We were en route to Vegas and beating T.W.A. on the champagne. At the time I was terminating my affair with Moody's second wife, as he was about to marry his third. The champagne had made Moody effusively sentimental and he was carrying on at a great rate about his father, Francis X. Moody, Sr., a scratch golfer, deceased since Moody was age three-and-a-half. Moody told me that when he was age four and his mother took him to his father's grave and told him his father was

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lying under the dirt, little Moody got on his hands and knees and tried to dig his way down. He then related that his father, Francis X. Moody, Sr., had played ten games for the Giants, as a second baseman, but quit for his first love, golf, where he found the companionship more to his tastes. Moody said that John McGraw had sadly shaken his head when Moody's father informed him he was leaving the team, and said, "Francis, you got the dandiest pivot on the double play I ever seen." This recollection of his father's prowess dimmed Moody's eyes; mine, likewise. Later I had the opportunity to look up Moody, Francis Xavier in the "Baseball Encyclopedia," which lists everyone who played the game. In between Monzant, Ramon Segundo, who pitched for the Giants from 1954 through 1960, and Moolic, George Henry, who appeared in a single game for the Chicago White Stockings in 1886, there was nobody.

THE FOLLOWING is a truthful relation of my overnight stay at the summer home of Ira Lubow, M.D., my psychiatrist. Since I am uninvited, I arrive under some pretext—I got lost in Dutchess County and while making a wrong turn in their driveway I got a flat? Whatever, I find the Lubows at home, by their pool. Elayne, Ira's wife, is reposing in a chaise, fashioning a bow for Alistair's topknot. Alistair is her Yorkie. Ira, wearing a black velour sweatshirt and swimming trunks with competition stripes, is slowly circling the pool with the skimmer, removing flowers and insects.

"Last week he got up in the middle of the night to do it," Elayne says after the introductions. " 'Ira,' I said to him, 'just where the hell do you think you're going at 3 A.M. in the morning?' He said to me, 'Gotta cleana pool, Elayne.' My husband's exceptionally neat. You've been in his office. Did you dig the décor? I'm the artistically inclined Lubow."

"It helps me unwind," Ira says, leaving us for the shallow end. "It's a very soothing operation."

"Oh, what a sicky world we live in," Elayne says to me, tête-à-tête. "You should hear what Ira has to listen to every day. By my color scheme and accessories I at least provide him with a reposeful setting."

"May I speak freely?" I ask. Ira, pensively holding a drowned dragon fly—*Libelulla pulchella* (Drury)—to the light, seems to be well out of earshot.

"It ends here," she says.

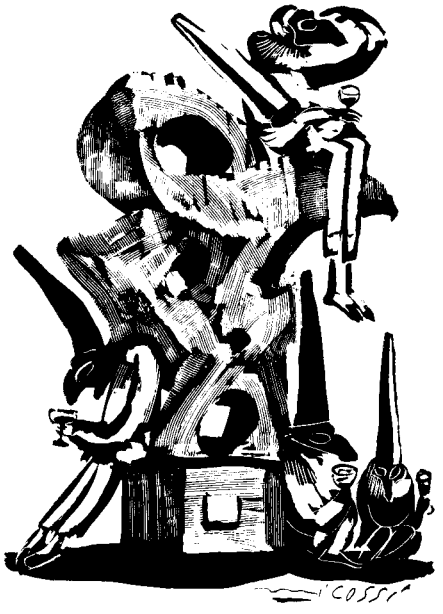
"What does he say about me?"

"I didn't quite catch your name."

I tell it to her.

"He's never mentioned it. . . . Ira, Alistair's fallen in the pool again. Drop the skimmer and *do* something."

I hang around until an invitation to dinner is forthcoming; after a bit of deft stalling over Ira's mulled wine, I'm asked to spend the night. At 2:30 A.M. I proceed down the corridor to the bathroom, per prearrangement. In a moment or two,



I hear Elayne's code knock. I let her in and relock the door.

"Hi," she whispers. "It's me."

"He never mentioned me *once*?" I whisper, attempting to help her out of her bathrobe, turning one of the sleeves inside out, her arms still in it.

"Never," she whispers.

Somewhat later, I happen to glance out the bathroom window. In the moonlight, I see Ira gravely wielding the skimmer, making his way for perhaps the thousandth time to the shallow end.

COMMENTARY on the foregoing: Ah! my moment of anagnorisis. I didn't clap my brow or fall upon my knees; I briefly considered both, but rejected them as being out of character, more suited to hagiography. In their place, with tender susceptibility, I thought of my fellow man: *videlicet,* Mr. Buxbaum, attending to his cuticles in the Hudson gorge; Moody, reflectively twirling his champagne glass at (approx.) thirty thousand feet; others in similar places and attitudes of pessimism, delusion, self-debasement, etc.; myself fleeing Gigi's is another example.

Moody, smartly arrayed in a close-felted Glen check, and his No. 3 were guests at my wedding; Mr. Buxbaum gave us a champagne bucket.

Three consequential years pass. I am awakened early in the morning by a telephone call. The caller identifies herself as Gloria, who, I recall, is either Moody's No. 1 or Gloria Kumrisch, whose husband was a let cord judge at the Nationals one year.

Gloria says she's in Coconut Grove, Florida, and has been thinking about me.

"We trayzher yer letters," she says. It's Kumrisch, I fear. Had I written her?

"Ah, yes," I say.

"So, anyway," she says, "watcher know, sport?"

"I'm married," I say.

"You mean you got a wife beside you an' aivreethin'?"

"An' aivreethin'," I repeat with quiet or patient submission.

Indeed, as I write this I hear my stepdaughter, aged fourteen, running in place in pursuit of physical fitness; my stepson, aged nine, at the piano playing "Cobbler, Cobbler" by Louise Christine Reeb (do you know it?); my wife on the phone, conversing in confidential tones with Mr. Mandelle, her therapist; my dachshunds at one another's throats.

"You!" Gloria says. "Maireed!"

"How's Hans?" I say. That's the tennis nut.

"Mr. Jibloney?" she says. "I told him goom-bye, thanks fer nothin' in '63-'64."

Why reproduce the rest of this tiresome conversation? Nonetheless, when I hang up I am as perturbed as I ever was when cheerlessly cast adrift in the many beds of other men's wives. In a way, I feel I have

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finally been found out. "*We*"? She said, "*We* trayzher yer letters."

There are places such as the Fraternal Clubhouse and Academy Hall, where meeting rooms are available; certain hotels will give you a very reasonable rate on a suite if you promise not to use the towels or slip between the sheets; and a number of restaurants have facilities for private parties.

THE FOLLOWING is the minutes of the third annual meeting of the Sisterhood:

Present: A. Sanford, G. Kumrisch, A. Moody, G. Moody, J. Moody, E. Lubow [and five or six others whose names I respectfully decline to publish here]. Secretary—A. Moody. Mrs. E. Lubow, President, in the Chair.

The annual meeting of the Sisterhood was called to order at 7 P.M. on March 7, 1967, in the Longchamps —affectionately known to many of the Sisters as "Longies"—located at 1015 Madison, by the President, Mrs. E. Lubow.

Following the roll call, the minutes of the previous meeting, held on March 8, 1966, were read and approved.

Receipt of the following communication was reported by the Secretary:

(a) From Mrs. Helen R. Mendelshon of Altadena, California, inquiring as to the correct procedure for establishing a "West Coast" chapter of the Sisterhood, there being three or four "gals" who have met the requirements for membership "out this-away."

The secretary was directed to acknowledge this communication and ask for full particulars.

The Secretary reported receipt of an application for membership made by Mrs. Gabrielle F. Long of this city. Although Mrs. Long has been eligible since "sometime in June, 1956 as a *ghastly* consequence of one of those *wi-ild* 'Village' soirees," the precise identity of the " 'gentleman' in question" has only come to light in recent months, she ably confesses, as a result of intensive therapy. (At this point, there were commiserative murmurings from the membership.) It having been established that the application has been made in accordance with requirement, the Secretary was directed to mail ballots for election to all members in good standing in accordance with the provisions of the By-Laws.

Mrs. A. Sanford then tendered a report of an incident involving "him," which took place on the night of January 3, 1960, and all present had "a good laugh." A motion to accept this report was carried.

It was moved by Mrs. G. Moody that a committee be formed to investigate the feasibility of the Sisterhood taking one or more Field Trips to the *loci* of various assignations, as many of these historic old buildings are being torn down. It was moved, and carried, that the vote on this question be taken by *Yeas* and *Nays*. The vote was taken, accompanied by "gales of laughter," with the following result:

Yeas 8 — Nays 2. The motion was carried by six votes.

The chairman referred to a proposal submitted at the last meeting that Mrs. G. Kumrisch be directed to call "him" when he would assuredly be abed with "her," and "try to get a rise out of him." It was moved, seconded, and carried by uproarious acclamation.

A vote of thanks was accorded to Mrs. G. Moody for completing the first volume of the *Official History*, which recounts—with original letters and other illustrative documents introduced into the text—his "exploits" through 1959.

There being no further business, the Chairman declared the meeting closed.

Respectfully submitted,
Angela Moody
Secretary

I CLIMB out of bed and with my bare feet grope for my slippers.

Digression on the foregoing: This has always seemed to me a fateful step. Will the floor invariably be there, for instance? Why do so many make this move so heedlessly? Presumptuously in any number of cases? I, for one, feel I am taking my chances and expect anything or, not quite conversely, nothing. As I lower my foot—whichever—I recall colored plates from childhood: for example, the first creature stepping ashore at the end of the Silurian age; Columbus landing composedly on the beach at Fernandez Bay.

By mischance, I step on one of the dogs. Although I assume my wife slept through the phone call, she now perceptibly awakens.

"Just where the hell do you think you're going?" she says.

It is, as I have recently implied, a question few can intelligently answer.

"To the kitchen," I succinctly reply. "I'm going to eat an apple."

"An *apple*!"

"*Vogue*, I believe it was, says an apple before bedtime induces slumber."

ON THE kitchen counter my stepdaughter's homework is outspread. I peruse it.

The following, which catches my eye, is the answer to Question 5: "We took copper and heated it. It turned grey and soft. We burned magnesium. It flared up and turned white and flakey [sic]. We burned platinum. It got hot but there was no change. We put some sulfur on a quarter and burned it. The sulfur hardened on the quarter and the quarter got darker. When we burn things they combine with the oxygen in the air. When the oxygen and the metal we heated combined, in no case was there any new matter created."

I read it twice to myself, twice more out loud in a breathy, fairly reverent tone and with a suitable mid-Atlantic accent, my eyes unaccountably abrim, the victim of unclassified emotions.

My stepdaughter steals up behind me. She is wearing a white terry cloth robe that was once worn by little Hardcastle. After he was washed up, Mr. Buxbaum and I covered the red letters of his name—which, in a gentle arc, as though symbolizing his slight rise and fall, adorned the back of the robe—with adhesive tape, and in such an anonymous state the robe subsequently clad other tomato cans of the lighter weight classes whom Mr. Buxbaum handled. Many a time, at the tail end of the procession leading to the ring, had I followed that shabby, masked robe, borne on the shoulders of one nonentity or another.

"God," I say. "This is fundamental, immutable stuff."

"It's probably all wrong," my stepdaughter informs me.

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Mozart's 'New' Opera

ROLAND GELATT

In the last half dozen years of his short life Mozart composed five operas, four of which form part of the standard repertory in opera houses the world over. The fifth lies interred in the archives. Who has ever heard—or heard of—*La Clemenza di Tito?*

The history of this forgotten opera is a curious one of initial acclaim and subsequent neglect. It dates from the feverishly fertile months that preceded the composer's final illness, coming midway between *The Magic Flute* and the uncompleted *Requiem*. Leopold II had recently succeeded to the Hapsburg throne and was about to be crowned in Prague as King of Bohemia. To celebrate the occasion, a new opera was needed—something not too long (for there would be fireworks and a ball afterward) and something appropriately flattering to the new sovereign. In due course, the committee in charge of the coronation festivities decided to commission an opera from Mozart. (Prague, to its eternal credit, never faltered in its approbation of Mozart's genius.) There was only one important stipulation: the music had to be set to Metastasio's moralizing text on the clemency of Emperor Titus.

Mozart had less than two months to complete his work, and the opera was ready just in the nick of time. As a consequence, its first performance—on the day of the coronation, September 6, 1791—was undoubtedly under-rehearsed. It was also under-applauded. Neither Leopold nor his wife cared much for music, and their ill-concealed boredom must have put a decided damper on the première, though at subsequent performances the Prague public reasserted its love for Mozart. Thereafter, the opera's fortunes began to prosper. *Tito* quickly made its way all over Europe (it was the first Mozart opera to be given in London), and in the early years of the nineteenth century was second only to *The Magic Flute* in popularity. It remained ensconced in the repertory for another two or three decades, eliciting enthusiastic raptures from such diverse auditors as Goethe and Shelley. Then shadows began to lengthen over the work and *Tito* gradually fell into the dustbin of history. No major production of the opera has been mounted in well over a century. We have thus had to take on faith the received opinion that Mozart's last opera is a lifeless and uncharacteristic exercise, dashed off in haste, blemished by a stupid text, and devoid of the composer's customary genius.

Now at last we have some evidence with which to test this severe judgment. A new performance of the opera has come out on records; and unlike some other resuscitations of forgotten music, this one has been done in the grand manner. The enterprise was carried out in Vienna under the direction of Istvan Kertesz with a cast of first-class singers accompanied by the impeccable Vienna Philharmonic (London OSA 1387; three discs). Not surprisingly, the recording shows *Tito* to have considerably more juice than the history books had led us to believe.

The libretto is patently hopeless. Its hero, the Roman emperor Titus, takes such a patient, understanding, and forgiving view of his fellow man that he ends up by seeming utterly unreal. What monarch in his right mind would allow his best friend to attempt blatant regicide without any other response than a benign smile and a string of platitudes? Perhaps in 1791, with a bloody revolution rampant in France, it may have seemed politically expedient to emphasize the divine goodness of kings, but the concept doesn't make for gripping music drama. Tito's unremitting benevolence vitiates the entire libretto, for it robs the story of conflict whenever a character shows sign of development. The only person who engages our interest in the slightest is Vitellia, an angry young woman cut from the same bolt as Elvira in *Don Giovanni*, but even she eventually wears out her welcome with ludicrous changes of heart.

So one forgets about words, plot, motivations and instead listens only to music. (I confess that I do exactly the same with that other opera of Mozart's last months, the equally incomprehensible *Magic Flute*.) *Tito* is an opera for groovin'—which, I am told on good authority, "consists of opening your senses to what is happening, without anticipation or imposition of logical structures." What is happening in Mozart's last opera is a great deal of beautiful music. Could one have expected less from a formidably reliable composer at the height of his powers?

The melodies, the instrumentation, the workmanship in *Tito* are all uniquely Mozartian. Throughout the opera there are constant reminders of earlier masterpieces, most particularly of *Don Giovanni*. Vitellia's opening aria is akin to Donna Anna's *"Or sai chi l'onore,"* Tito's *"Del più sublime soglio"* could only have been written by the composer of *"Il mio tesoro,"* and Sesto's accompanied recitative as he wonders whether or not to murder the emperor has more than a passing resemblance to the recitative preceding Elvira's *"Mi tradì."* There are other nuggets: a delicious duet, *"Ah*

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perdona al primo affetto," which has the virginal innocence of the A major piano concerto; an elaborate aria, *"Parto, parto,"* with a piquant obbligato for solo clarinet; a lilting arietta, *"S'alto che lagrime,"* bathed in the dewy radiance of the Viennese never-never land.

WHEN a work has been as consistently undervalued as *La Clemenza di Tito*, one runs a danger of reacting too far in the direction of overpraise. Admittedly, *Tito* is not in the same league as *Don Giovanni* or *Così fan tutte*. Although Mozart did his best with the libretto (somewhat improved, incidentally, by a certain Caterino Mazzolà over the Metastasio original), the characters and situations could not have engaged his full sympathies. Intent on fulfilling a commission and earning a fee, he simply turned out a succession of musical numbers without worrying unduly about their dramatic relevance. But Mozart being Mozart, even his uncommitted doodlings turn out to be musically rewarding.

The piece works well on records. Two of its main characters, including the pivotal part of Tito's treacherous friend Sesto, were originally performed by male sopranos. Since the castrati are now extinct, these male roles must be sung today by women, and over the loudspeaker we can relish the lovely artistry of Teresa Berganza and Brigitte Fassbaender without reference to the visual incongruities involved. Werner Krenn, a young Viennese tenor, copes masterfully with Tito's coolly sculptured arias, Lucia Popp is enchanting as the demure but determined Servilia, and Maria Sasula is properly intense—if at times rather too squally—in the role of Vitellia.

With *La Clemenza di Tito* the curtain comes down on the outmoded form of *opera seria* and on the outmoded concept of opera fashioned exclusively for a court occasion. Even at the time, Mozart must have realized that he was dealing with a moribund situation. Certainly he gave less than his inspired best. But a second-best Mozart opera still has a lot going for it. To discover a "new" one at this late date is something of an event.

This Must Be the Place

GERALD WEALES

ST. CLEMENT'S is a hundred-year-old church on West 46th Street in Manhattan, on the fringe of the theatre district and within a hot pepper's throw of the largest hero sandwiches in the world. An Episcopalian church in a largely Roman Catholic neighborhood, part of what used to be called Hell's Kitchen, it has developed a very special congregation. Beginning in 1962, when Sidney Lanier took over the church, continuing under the ministry of Eugene A. Monick, Jr., St. Clement's attracted people from all over the New York area. They were drawn by the sense of excitement that the revitalized church provided, by the experiments in liturgy, in social action, in theatre. St. Clement's is a lure to more than its new congregation, however. Anyone concerned with the state of American drama knows that the church is the home of the American Place Theatre.

Although the theatre group was founded by Lanier, along with its present director Wynn Handman, it has never been a parish operation. From its beginnings in 1963, it has been a highly professional organization intent on its own aesthetic mission. It has a completely free hand, its choice of plays depending in no way on the concerns, apostolic or otherwise, of the church. St. Clement's is simply host to the group, providing the "place" in the American Place Theatre. The "public rationale" for the theatre's being there, so Rev. Monick told me, is that the playwright is the contemporary descendant of the prophet. The fact that Handman used a similar prophet-playwright analogy when I talked to him suggests that the church and the producing organization share a sense of drama as something more exalted than show business. Except for St. Clement's night, when the congregation is invited to productions, there is no formal connection. Yet it is clear that the church gains by the presence of the theatre, if only as a draw bringing unfamiliar faces through the church door, and the theatre gains not simply financially through its rent-free premises, but artistically (I almost wrote "spiritually") through the feel of the building itself.

The work of the American Place Theatre reflects no narrow ideational or aesthetic line. It is highly

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eclectic in its tastes, as Handman pointed out, less interested in what or how a playwright speaks than in the fact that he speaks at all. The idea behind the founding of the APT is that there should be a place, outside the terrible pressures of the commercial theatre, in which writers could hear their lines spoken by professional actors, see their dramatic images take shape under a director's hand. The public season is only the visible tip of an intense theatrical activity. The heart of the APT is its writers' development program, financed by Ford Foundation money, under which an author has a chance to see the problems and possibilities of a still unpolished script. The range of possible productions is great. There are occasionally informal readings, but the rehearsed reading, in which a playwright works with a group of actors and a director for several weeks, is more common; at the moment Joseph Whitt's *The Minstrels* is undergoing that kind of experiment. Beyond the readings is the studio production in which actors learn their lines and work with a few props but without a set. Occasionally, as with Cecil Dawkins's *The Displaced Person,* a work will go through several stages before it finally emerges in full production, as Miss Dawkins's play did in the 1966-1967 season.

For the most part, two kinds of writers are attracted to the American Place Theatre—young playwrights still trying to find their footing in the theatre and writers with established reputations as novelists and poets who want to see what they can do with a play. The young playwrights include those, like Sam Shepard and Frank Gagliano, who bring off-off-Broadway reputations to the APT with them, and those, like Ronald Ribman and Ronald Milner, who make their reputations there. The list of names within the second group is impressive; it includes Robert Lowell, Robert Penn Warren, Philip Roth, Niccolò Tucci, George P. Elliott, May Swenson, Bruce Jay Friedman. The Literary reputation of the American Place is so pervasive that, when I mentioned that the APT had scheduled a George Tabori play for next season, the managing director of another serious producing organization muttered, "Why? He's not a novelist!" Although the remark was factually inaccurate—Tabori is a novelist—it is true that a playwright with Tabori's experience, including two Broadway productions, is not expected to turn to the American Place. Handman wants to undermine that reputation; the American Place, he insists, is not only for new playwrights, but for any dramatist who has a work that cannot fit comfortably into the commercial theatre.

The public season at the American Place, which began with two plays in 1964-1965, now consists of four full productions, offered to a membership audience which they hope will climb to more than five thousand for next year. The present practice is to invite reviewers after the membership has seen the play and open the last two weeks to nonmember playgoers. Not that the press is always invited; since the

theatre is author-oriented, the playwright has the option of going unreviewed, as both Tucci and Shepard chose to do last season. Since the quality of the productions is generally high, the reviews tend to be favorable, which is one reason a surprisingly large percentage of the works presented at the American Place have reached a larger audience than the APT can provide. Robert Lowell's *Benito Cereno,* William Alfred's *Hogan's Goat* and Ed Bullins' *The Electronic Nigger and Others* (under the more genteel title, *Ed Bullins' Plays*) moved on to commercial off-Broadway theatres for more extended runs; Ronald Ribman's *Harry, Noon and Night* and Ronald Milner's *Who's Got His Own* were produced under other auspices after first being seen at the APT; *Benito Cereno* and Ronald Ribman's *The Journey of the Fifth Horse* have been filmed for presentation by National Educational Television. These last two are the finest works that the APT has performed; if the American Place had done nothing more than give Robert Lowell a chance to work as a playwright and introduce Ronald Ribman, who I think is the best young dramatist around today, it would have fully justified its existence.

My obvious enthusiasm for what the American Place Theatre is trying to do should not be taken as an unqualified testimonial. I always look forward to an APT production because, thanks to the church building, the theatre is one of the pleasantest in town and the acting, the direction, and the sets are more consistently superior than on off-Broadway in general. It is one of those places, like the New York Shakespeare Festival Public Theatre, where one does not mind going, even to be disappointed. Since this season, which had its share of disappointments, is a characteristic one—a clear indication of the eclecticism Handman mentioned—a look at the four plays should give a fair indication of what the APT is up to.

Frank Gagliano's *Father Uxbridge Wants to Marry* is a short play, much of it fantasy, about a man without the intellect or the ability to handle the life that besets him. During the play, his discovery that the one rock in his chaotic world, the Roman Catholic Church, is undergoing surprising, and to him frightening changes drives him to the final extremity, a collapse that is almost an apotheosis. Although there is an epigraph from Büchner's *Woyzeck,* Gagliano's play is only a tentative gesture toward that kind of horror, not fully effective as drama or comment. Ronald Ribman's *The Ceremony of Innocence* is a pacifist

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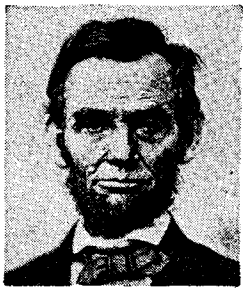

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play disguised as a historical drama, an account of how and why the Britons (c. 1013), who would not work for peace and comfort, are willing to throw themselves into a war that is likely to destroy the country they want to save. Compared to Ribman's earlier work, it is an inadequate attempt to give dramatic vitality and validity to his ideas. Ed Bullins' three short plays —*A Son, Come Home, The Electronic Nigger* and *Clara's Old Man* —are fairly obvious genre pieces, interesting only because the Negro setting is apparently still unfamiliar and therefore somewhat exotic to audiences.

The final play in the season—and the best one—was Robert Lowell's revision of *Endecott and The Red Cross,* the first of the plays in his trilogy, *The Old Glory.* The new and greatly expanded version seems to me less effective than the published one—particularly in the addition of a great deal of material about the Indian chief and his daughter. It is essentially the original play, however, another Lowell fable—borrowed from two Hawthorne stories about the way power leads to action and how that action necessarily become violent. Endecott recognizes this fact and yet goes ahead to commit the act that his position demands. The play is really about the conflict and doubt within Endecott, which are resolved by forces outside himself that make the governor triumph over the man. As always with Lowell, the play is a static one, its movement verbal rather than visual; the masks, the dances, the ritual devised to provide the visual counterpoint to the words did not work well in production. The power of the play lies in the speeches (particularly Endecott's description of his dream) in which Lowell so brilliantly conveys Endecott's pain and in the performance of Kenneth Haigh, certainly one of the best of the season, who reads Lowell's lines so that no nuance of intelligence or irony is lost and none of the agony is reduced to rhetoric.

Endecott was a fine note on which to end the season. Its intrinsic virtues aside, it also replenishes the expectations about next year at the American Place Theatre.

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BOOKS

Time Past, Time Present

GERTRUDE HIMMELFARB

THE WALLS OF JERUSALEM: AN EXCURSION INTO JEWISH HISTORY, by Chaim Raphael. *Alfred A. Knopf. $6.95.*

Historians are plagued by the ambiguity of the key words in their vocabulary: "history," meaning both the past and the record of that past; "contemporary," referring to the time of which they are writing and their own time. For the most part they are well advised to keep these meanings rigorously distinct, to keep themselves out of their books and the present out of the past. But very occasionally a work comes along that deliberately flouts the conventions and successfully capitalizes on the ambiguities. *The Walls of Jerusalem* by Chaim Raphael is such a rare work.

The subject of the book is a specific event precisely located in time and place: the destruction of the temple of Jerusalem in 70 A.D. —a sufficiently remote event, as these things are ordinarily measured. And the particular text from which the book departs is equally specific, and, by ordinary standards, equally remote: the Midrash on Lamentations—the Rabbinic work compiled in the 6th century A.D. as a commentary on a more ancient work, the Book of Lamentations traditionally ascribed to the Prophet Jeremiah, which was itself inspired by a still more remote event, the destruction of the First Temple in 586 B.C. Each of these works—the Book of Lamentations and the commentary on the Book—and each of these events—the destruction of the two temples—has been encapsulated and frozen, not only by antiquity but also by traditional piety. It is a considerable achievement on Raphael's part to have humanized the sacred and recovered the contemporaneity (in both senses) of antiquity with-

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out vulgarizing history or sentimentalizing religion.

The physical arrangement of the book would seem to suggest that Raphael gets the effect he does by proceeding from one level to another, uncovering the successive strata of textual meaning and historical experience and laying them bare so that they are simultaneously visible. A prefatory "Personal Word" describes his personal involvement with his subject: "The History" describes the conditions in Jerusalem and the events leading up to the destruction of the Second Temple; "The Writings" describes the texts and sources for our knowledge of that history; and finally the selections from the Midrash are arranged, we are told, to "echo the historical story."

Even from this bare outline, it is evident that no level, no dimension of this story, exists apart from any other. The history obviously cannot be told without reference to the writings that memorialize it. But the history of the event itself is only part of the history that was subsequently made of the event: the writings are not only the sources of Jewish history for this particular period, they are the substance of Jewish faith for all the centuries that followed. They are profane and holy at the same time, as Jewish history is itself profane and holy. Moreover, the writings are more and less than writings. They are oral tradition as well as written text, and by a "principle of development" that never needed formulating (it is astonishing to think that Newman had to formulate such a principle for Christian theology as late as the 19th century), the oral tradition of one day became the written law of another. And finally the Midrash as we now know it is not only an echo of history; it is the echo of everything that enters into faith: fact and fiction, parable and moral, secular folklore and religious creed, sacred text and frivolous jest, all coexisting in the most intimate and amicable fashion.

The selections and translations from the Midrash are clearly intended to be the heart of this work. Yet it may be not irreverent to suggest (in view of the large latitude for irreverence in Judaism) that for many readers the "Personal Word" will be more immediately meaningful. If there is any criticism to be made of Raphael it is of the false modesty that made him relegate this section to a preface humbly paginated in lower-case roman numerals. For surely his thesis requires that this part of the book be granted equal status with the rest, his personal relationship with his subject being precisely that which he takes to be characteristic of the Jewish faith in general and of the Midrash in particular.

Raphael recalls that as a child he observed the anniversary of the Destruction of the Temple in orthodox fashion, seated on a low stool, his head sprinkled with ashes, mourning as for a death in the family. Later he had the good fortune to study the Midrash with two distinguished Biblical scholars who were also—Raphael particularly cherishes this about them—men of deep piety. And later still these and similar experiences and memories superimposed themselves on a life that would seem to be far removed from the conventional forms of scholarship and piety. Yet Raphael himself sees no incongruity in his life. If he can so easily assimilate his other identities—as Chaim Raphael he is head of the Information Division of the British Treasury, and as Jocelyn Davey he is the author of eminently literate mysteries—why should he not take upon himself the additional identity of *trident*?

The *trident* has an honorable role in Jewish tradition. He is not so much an amateur scholar as a student scholar, a student who may himself be a scholar but whose primary function is to sit at the feet of a greater scholar and transmit his learning. It is he who in the Mishnah prefaces his comments with: "This is what I heard from Rabbi So-and-So." Raphael, the modern version of the *trident,* tends rather to say: "This is what I learned from Professor So-and-So." But in his explication of the latest interpretation of the latest Dead Sea Scroll, there is the same delight in the sheer play of mind and the same natural, personal reverence that one finds in the *trident* of old.

The Irrelevant Republican

KENNETH GOODALL

The Road to City Hall: How John V. Lindsay Became Mayor, by Barbara Carter. *Prentice-Hall. $4.95.*

Journey Into Politics: Some Informal Observations, by John V. Lindsay. *Dodd, Mead. $4.*

It is difficult now to remember the appeal of Harold Stassen in the late 1940's. I was no more than fifteen then and in the first throes of political consciousness. I discovered and devoured the political news, such as it was, in the Bloomington, Indiana, *World-Telephone* and soon graduated to *Time* and John Gunther's *Inside U.S.A.* It wasn't long before the forward-looking young ex-Governor of Minnesota became my idol.

My father's family was staunchly Republican (I learned the clichés, too) and my mother's was just as staunchly Democratic, so I had the luxury of being able to make a choice of allegiance between the two parties. This choice, on the surface, was reasoned and deliberate; but at bottom it was determined by trauma. By 1948, my political passions were tied to the fortunes of Harold Stassen—and so, I suspect, were the passions of many others of my generation, all of them too embarrassed to admit it now. Stassen, to use an observation about another Republican from a later time, was fresh and everyone else was tired—Truman, Dewey, Taft, the whole lot. I was prepared to commit my teen-aged life to the Republican Party if it made Stassen its Presidential candidate. It rejected him, of course, and I turned, a sadder but wiser boy, to the Democrats—a rather

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lonely road in Indiana in those days. Harold Stassen's road has been lonelier.

THIS adolescent encounter with Republican intransigence, combined with the lingering specter of Harold Stassen, casts a pall of irrelevance over anything I read about John V. Lindsay, no matter how good—and Barbara Carter's *The Road to City Hall* is an admirable account of the forces that brought the independent young Republican Congressman to the mayor's job in Democratic New York. Does it really matter, for his or his party's future, what Lindsay is thinking and doing? Not, of course, because what he is thinking and doing is any less imaginative or relevant than the thoughts and actions of other men in American public life, but because his thoughts and actions fall largely outside the imagination of, and therefore are not relevant to, the party to which he has committed his future.

Miss Carter points up statistically the growth of Lindsay's estrangement from his party: "Lindsay, after all, began in Congress by voting with his party sixty-one per cent of the time, but finished voting against it sixty-seven per cent of the time. . . ." His experiences as mayor have led him even further away. Where, for instance, is there a place in the Republican Party for a man who says, as Lindsay did in an October interview with a New York *Post* reporter: "The Flower Children. Maybe we could all learn something." Or for a man so in touch with the ghettos that he can admit even to himself, as Lindsay did in the same interview, that "There is a great deal of sympathy and support for these people [the black-power leaders] in the ghettos. . . ." Or for a man who recognizes that the black-power movement is no apocalypse but only a natural phenomenon, "a phase" that "must be contained" (he did not say "destroyed").

Lindsay is an unusual mayor as well as a unique Republican. Unlike most other big-city mayors, he ventures into the midst of angry crowds. I recall a night in 1966 after the second Watts riot erupted. I was working on the national news desk of the New York *Herald Trib-*

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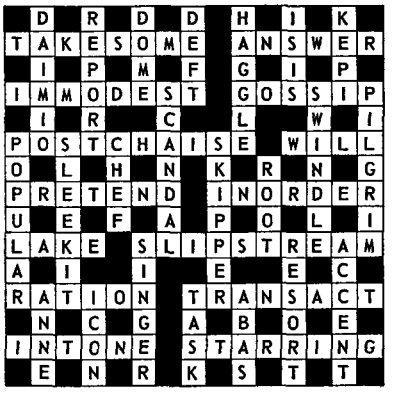

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une, talking by telephone to the paper's correspondent in Los Angeles, who was attempting to put the story into some kind of shape. "Has Mayor Yorty gone in there to try to quiet things down?" I asked naïvely. "Oh, no, he wouldn't go in *there,*" the reporter answered. But Lindsay would and did go into Harlem last summer and this spring, with astonishing results.

WAS IT MAGIC? Perhaps; but the the source is easy to trace. One need go no further than Lindsay's record in Congress, where he fought as hard as anyone to protect the rights and liberties of the individual against "excess use of government or Congressional power." As Miss Carter recounts it, he "helped to draft the 1964 Civil Rights Act . . . voted to liberalize the immigration laws . . . successfully opposed Francis Walter's industrial-security-risk bill . . . [and] was a key figure in the great 1961 fight to liberalize the House Rules Committee." "I believe," Lindsay himself explains in a brief and modest political autobiography, *Journey Into Politics,* "that the real danger of increasing centralism does not lie in reasonable Federal expenditures for the destitute, for education, and for health, but rather in the pervasive threat to individual liberties that stems from any undue concentration of military, police, or economic power."

When the test of fire came to his city, the mayor, by stepping out into the streets of Harlem and allowing hundreds of citizens to direct their angry shouts at him, risking injury in the process, proved that he is no doctrinaire civil libertarian. He met them as individuals with a need and a right to air their grievances, not as a faceless mob. Faceless mobs riot; individuals don't.

Unfortunately, however, such magic has its limitations. It is useful in emergencies and at election time, but it is not the best weapon for a St. George to use against the bureaucratic dragons that seem to set the *modus* for everything that is or (more to the point) is not *operandi* in New York City. "The city runs itself," Miss Carter wisely writes, "by an endless series of arrangements and agreements . . . some formal, some merely understood . . . all wrapped up in a tangled skein of threads, knitting, knotting, haphazardly woven through. . . . It is far easier to tell what makes the city stop than what makes it run."

"How much can a Mayor do?" Miss Carter asks. "How much particularly can be expected of a 'non-Democratic' Mayor, who faces a Democratic City Council and a divided upstate and suburban legislature, who is ringed round with city and state limits on his power, who inherits a highly protected, highly organized civil service bureaucracy?" Her answer, given in two chapters that examine and assess the early days of the Lindsay administration and reveal her wide knowledge of urban affairs, is in effect "Very little." She is probably right. Still, I can't help remembering that it was no complex computer or automaton but one human being who, if he had acted in time, might have saved the city from the Big Power Blackout of 1965.

MISS CARTER'S excellent book covers a wider territory than its title implies. It is not confined to Lindsay and his campaign of two years ago; it is, in fact, a bit skimpy in that area. But she is generous in appending the two chapters that deal with the mayor's first big crises.

Most of the book is devoted to an analysis of the Democratic disintegration both before and after Mayor Robert Wagner decided in the spring of 1965 that twelve years was long enough for one man to attempt to govern the ungovernable. One by one, Miss Carter paints the well-worn Democratic dominoes—the Jewish, the Italian and Irish Catholic, the Negro, and the Puerto Rican blocs—that tumbled or teetered in the Lindsay winds. She also provides insights about the bosses and bureaucrats who played with the dominoes and whose infighting left them vulnerable to attack.

But perhaps her emphasis is well placed. In a city where Democrats outregister Republicans three to one and white Anglo-Saxon Protestants make up only seven per cent of the population, the clearest message emanating from the victory of a white Anglo-Saxon Protestant civil-libertarian Republican is to the Democratic leaders. It's a simple message: "We're still people." Of course, there's also a message for Republican leaders, but no one expects *that* one to get through.

Gardener

To fill her time she tends the garden,
Singing to herself. She does not know
What broke her husband's mind,
But she no longer visits him.

Her parents are glad to put her up;
She was too young to know her mind,
They think, or go from them.
They let her keep the garden trim.

And though she owes her vanished love
A letter, or laughs, they let her be.
When time is hot and dull,
She suns her body in the grass.

The world is quiet, the hedge is thick;
She closes her eyes and barely breathes:
Late the shadows lie
Beside her whispering rosy love.

—MARK MCCLOSKEY

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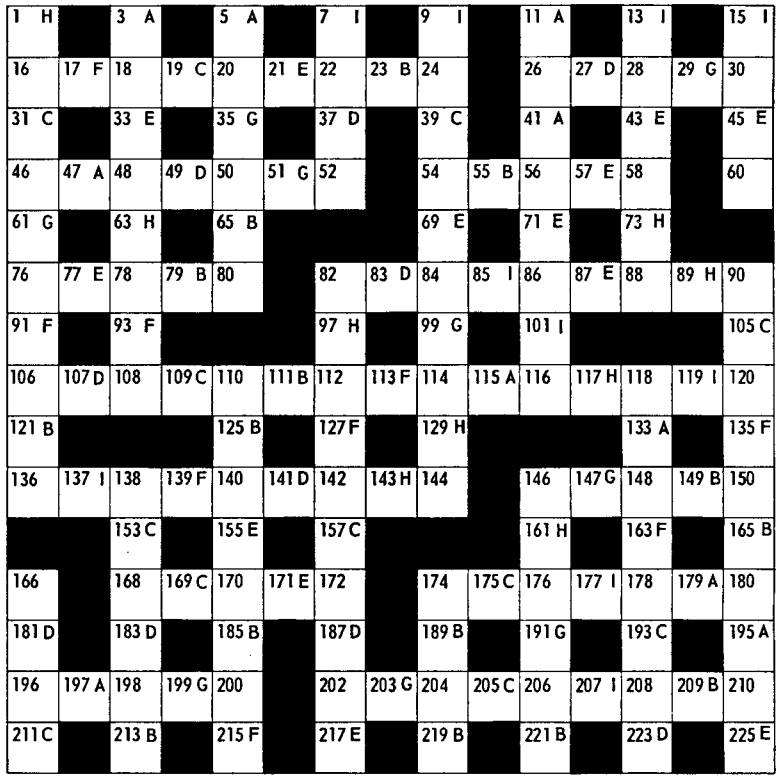
THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No. 193

by HENRY ALLEN



DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.

A
5 11 47 115 197 179 3 133 195 41

189 149 55 A frugal period; a time of management without waste (10,3).

B
65 79 111 121 185 219 165 213 23

221 "It is a reproach to religion and _____ to allow so much poverty." William Penn, "Reflections and Maxims."

C
105 19 39 109 193 175 169 131 205

157 153 31 The ranking Army officer in the field under the Acrostician; the county of Washington and Lee.

D
83 107 37 211 27 223 49 183 187

141 The juvenile student who leads the class, perhaps (5,5).

E
45 71 43 57 77 155 87 171 225 69

33 217 21 "The _____ of riches/ The more alternatives the more difficult the choice." D'Allainville, "The Title of Comedy."

F
113 125 91 127 163 215 93 139

135 17 The only living compatriot who outranks the Acrostician in his field.

G
29 61 51 191 99 147 199 203 35
Vessels used by the Vikings (4,5).

H
89 161 1 143 117 129 97 63 209
Things of very short duration.

I
13 85 207 137 9 7 101 177 119

15 73 The major domestic problem in this Presidential year (6,5).

ACROSS

16. One of the nations in the ABC alliance is great in an alteration.
26. Exams in tests for also-rans.
46. Something of no account whose symbol is zero.
54. A major division of the State of Hawaii, where a diving bird of the Arctic is A-one.
76. A crime indeed, but not Nora's.
82. Whence air raids are launched to abase this change (4,5).
106. Those who justify our major foreign policy and constitute the Acrostician's chief concern (5,10).
136. The bigamist was always this when Ed drew the transfer (3,6).
146. Sweet's pal and Thor's other self.
168. Catch hold of something raspy.
174. Malodorous and disgusting (i.e., moons, maybe).
196. A booster in Boston, iceberg, or Bibb lettuce.
202. One stag at polo who argues for a cause.

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DOWN

1. One who contributed nothing naturally "_____"; i.e., added nothing to the partnership (3,2,5).
3. If "_____" I receive a French coin of minimum value (1,3,1,3).
5. The officer who carries the flag.
7. A sign of music that's repeated for a prison.
9. The one who supervises the job and the expert as well.
11. University that's the gem of the ocean.
13. Pasteur found its cure with bier as a new form.
15. Employs the purposes that are available.
82. The Acrostician has done this in many campaigns; laid ten to par (5,1,4).
90. Candies, bonbons, etc., used when the chief meals follow the dessert.
110. The top of the pyramid in the order moves her chair.
118. Mice and coon together are utilitarian.
138. One machine that makes nine, for example.
146. The faucet that's kind to pigs.
166. Routine produced by a medieval musical instrument.
174. None of this kind of illumination needs a change.

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If these kids don't make it,

These are big city school children. They are partners of all who try to build and keep our cities alive with hope and promise of personal dignity. If we fail these partners, they will fail, as finally will we all.

To the Bell System, they also are customers and, prospectively, many are fellow employees. Those we hire will bring with them attitudes and skills produced by city life and city schools. Their qualities will help shape the quality of our service. And service is our product.

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neither do we.

Bell System companies and people are increasingly engaged to help meet the problems of the cities, especially those concerning education and employability. In these areas our skills and other business resources may have extra value. We shall try to keep our deeds outrunning our words.

AT&T

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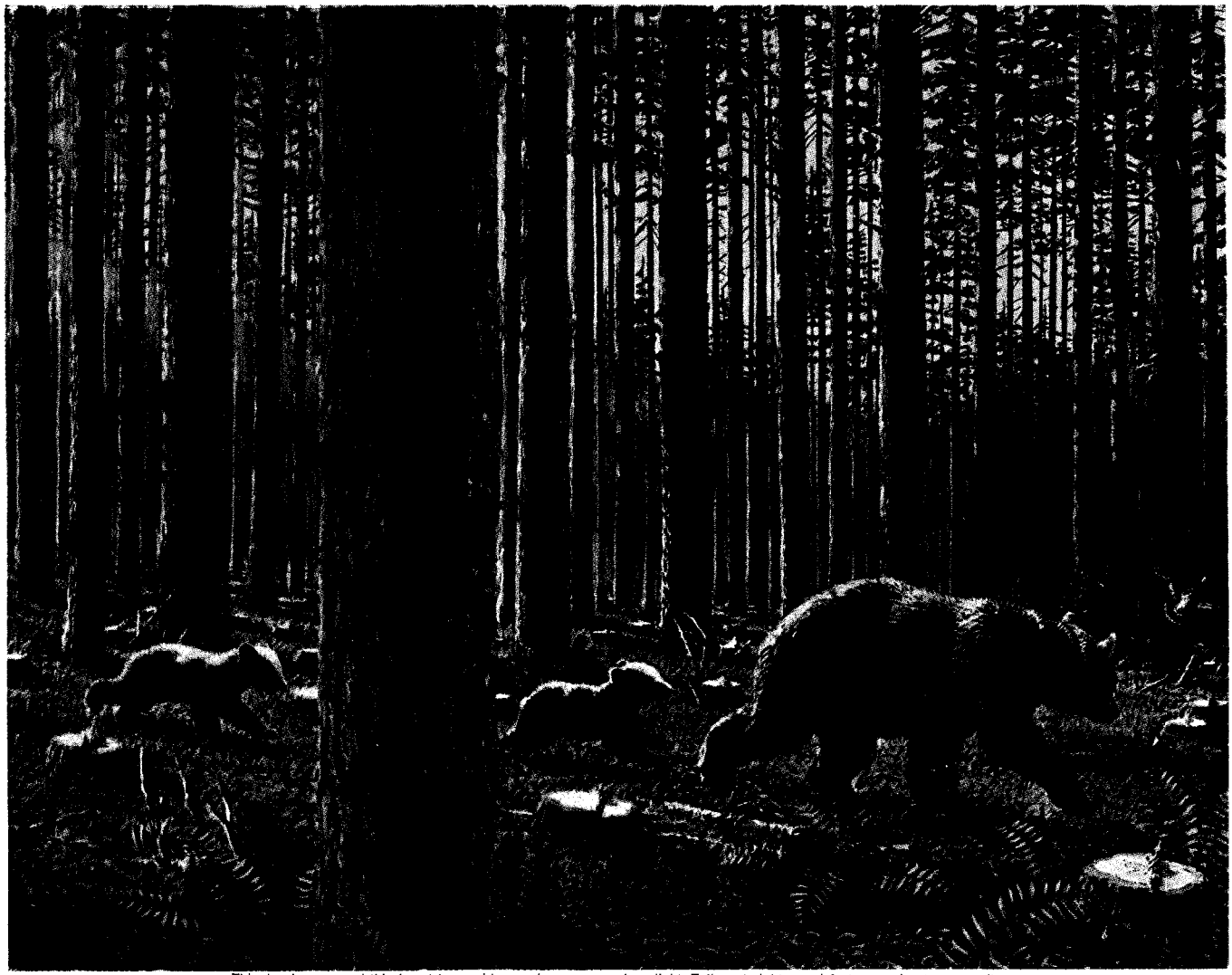

Thinning has opened this forest to provide growing space and sunlight. Taller, straighter and faster-growing trees result.

We've taken out the small and defective trees to help the others grow faster.

Result: A greater volume of wood from the same land.

Thinning the forest is one of the many things we do to grow more wood for products like pulp, paper, containers and building materials.

It's a part of a revolutionary plan called Weyerhaeuser High Yield Forestry.* The ultimate results will be about 33 per cent more wood per acre.

Thinning is a key step in this new plan because ideal growing conditions on our tree farms produce dense, often overpopulated forests.

The trees crowd each other, fighting for sunlight. Struggling to survive.

In time, nature allows the stronger ones to win out. But to the industrial tree farmer this is an unnecessarily slow and expensive process.

Therefore, we thin the natural losers and turn them into pulp or other wood products. This allows the survivors to grow faster and provide a greater volume of wood when harvested.

Other aspects of the Weyerhaeuser High Yield Forestry program include development of hybrid trees, soil cultivation and aerial fertilization.

If you'd like to know more about High Yield Forestry and what it means to you, write us at Box A-84, Tacoma, Washington 98401.

Weyerhaeuser

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